

First Ed
THE ROBBERS.

A Tragedy,

IN FIVE ACTS.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN OF

FREDERICK SCHILLER.

BY

Benjamin Thompson, Esq.



London :

Printed by J. Wright, Denmark-Court,
FOR VERNOR AND HOOD,
No. 31, POULTRY.

1800.

485-17.06.72

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Dramatis Personae.

COUNT MOOR.

CHARLES, }
FRANCIS, } *His Sons.*

SPIEGELBERG, }
SCHWEITZER, }
GRIMM, }
SCHUFTERLE, } *Libertines, who become Robbers.*
ROLLER, }
RAZMAN, }
KOSINSKI, }

HERMAN, *the natural Son of a Nobleman.*

DANIEL, *an old Servant of Count Moor.*

COMMISSARY.

AMELIA, *Niece of the Count.*

Robbers, Servants, &c.

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THE ROBBERS.

ACT I.

SCENE, *an Apartment in the Castle of* COUNT MOOR.

Enter COUNT *and* FRANCIS.

Fra. **B**UT are you well, my father?—you look so pale—

Cou. Quite well, my son. What tidings do you bring?

Fra. The post is arrived.—A letter from our correspondent at Leipzig—

Cou. (*With eager anxiety.*) Does it contain any account of my son Charles?

Fra. It does; but I fear, if you be ill—if you feel in the smallest degree disordered, allow me—I will communicate the matter to you at a more proper time. (*Half aside.*) This intelligence is ill adapted to the ear of a feeble, sickly father.

Cou. Heavens! What can he mean?

Fra. First let me step aside, and drop a tear of pity for my poor lost brother. I ought to be mute—for he is your son. I ought to conceal his disgrace—for he is my brother:

B

but to obey you is my first duty, and by this mournful duty I am bound to speak—therefore forgive me.

Cou. Oh Charles, Charles! didst thou but know how thy conduct tortures thy father;—didst thou but know the happy tidings of thee would add ten years to my existence—whereas, all I have lately heard has led me, with rapid strides to the grave.

Fra. If my father's life be dependent on happy tidings from my brother, I must go. Were I to state all I know we should, even to-day, tear our hair over your corpse.

Cou. Stay.—The step to the grave is but short.—Be it so. (*Seats himself.*) The sins of the father are visited even unto the third and fourth generation. Be it so.

Fra. (*Draws a letter from his pocket.*) You know our correspondent. I would forfeit this finger if I could say he lied. Collect yourself. Forgive me, if I do not allow you to read this letter: you must not know all.

Cou. As you will. My son, you are the prop of my declining years.

Fra. (*Reads.*) “Leipzig, 1st of May. Your brother seems, at length, to have filled the measure of his infamy, unless his genius, in this respect, soars above every thing I can comprehend. After having contracted debts to the amount of forty thousand dollars,”—a decent sum, Sir—“after having seduced the daughter of a rich banker, and mortally wounded her lover in a duel, he, last night, with seven of his dissipated companions, escaped the arm of justice by flight.”—Father! for heaven's sake, father—how do you feel?

Cou. Enough, my son; read no further.

Fra. I pity you sincerely. “Warrants have been issued against him; the injured cry aloud for redress, and a reward is offered for his apprehension. The name of Moor”—No, my lips shall not destroy my father. (*Tears the letter.*) Do not believe it, Sir. Do not believe one syllable of it.

Con. (*Overpowered with sorrow.*) My name—my honourable name—

Fra. Oh that he did not bear the name of Moor! Oh that thy heart did not feel such warm affection for him! It is an affection which I cannot eradicate, though I feel that the Eternal Judge will hereafter condemn it.

Con. Oh my prospects—my enchanting visions!

Fra. Yes, yes, "That ardent spirit," you were wont to say, "which already appears in my boy Charles, which already makes him feel the force of every thing sublime and beautiful. That candour which beams in his eye—that sensibility—that manly courage—that juvenile ambition—that unconquerable perseverance, and all those shining virtues which adorn my son, will one day make him a sincere friend, a worthy citizen, an illustrious hero." How gloriously is your prophecy fulfilled! The *ardent spirit* has shewn itself, and admirable, indeed, are its achievements. The *candour* is transformed to impudence, the *sensibility* is shewn by attachment to every wanton Phryne. Can the pleasures of six years have burnt away the oil of this illustrious fiery genius? Yes—so completely, that, as he passes through the streets, the passers-by exclaim—"C'est l'amour qui a fait ça." The *illustrious hero* has, indeed, achieved exploits beyond his years, and when he has attained the age of maturity, what may we not expect? Perhaps, father, you may live to enjoy the happiness of beholding him at the head of a troop, which takes its station in the sacred recesses of the woods, in order to ease the weary traveller of his burden. Perhaps, ere you die, you may behold the monument erected for him between heaven and earth. Perhaps—Oh my father! seek, seek another name; lest the boys, who have seen the effigy of your son in the market-place of Leipzig, should point the finger of derision at you.

Con. Must you, too, torment me thus? How do my children lacerate my heart.

Fra. You perceive that I have a spirit, too ; but 'tis a scorpion's spirit. " Yes," you were wont to say, " that poor puppet Francis, that weak creature"—with twenty other titles, pointing out the difference between me and Charles, as he sat upon your knee, and pinched your cheek—" that inanimate dolt will die, decay, and be forgotten, while his brother's fame will fly from pole to pole." Yes, with uplifted hands I thank thee, heaven, for having made the *poor puppet* Francis unlike his brother.

Cou. Pardon me, my son ;—rail not against your father, when he owns himself deceived. The God who doomed that Charles should cause these tears, will wipe them from my eyes, through thee, my Francis.

Fra. Yes, dear father ; Francis will wipe them from your eyes : Francis will employ his life in prolonging yours. You shall be the oracle which guides his actions—he mirror in which he surveys his every project. No duty shall be too sacred to be broken, when your precious life depends on the transgression.

Cou. I thank you, my son. Heaven reward you for what you have done, and will do, for me !

Fra. Confess to me, then, that you would be a happy man, if you were not obliged to own my brother as your son.

Cou. Hold, oh hold ! when the nurse first brought him to me, I raised him in my arms towards heaven, and cried : " I am most happy."

Fra. And feel you happy now ? No, you envy the condition of your meanest vassal. Charles is the cause of your sorrow ; as long as he remains your son, this sorrow will increase, and at last prove fatal.

Cou. True ! True !

Fra. Well, then, disinherit this son.

Cou. (*Starts.*) Francis ! Francis ! what say you ? Wish you that I should curse my son ?

Fra. That do I not. But whom do you call your son? The man, to whom you have given life, and whose constant endeavour is to shorten your's?

Cou. I own his conduct is unnatural—but still, still he is my child.

Fra. An amiable child truly, whose constant study is to put an end to his father's life. Oh that you could view his conduct in a proper light! Oh that the scales would fall from your eyes! But no: your indulgence confirms him in his dissolute pursuits—your supplies of money justify his conduct. True it is that you thus remove the curse of heaven from him, but on you, father, on you will it fall with tenfold vengeance.

Cou. It is just—most just. Mine, mine is all the guilt.

Fra. How many thousands, after having drenched the voluptuous bowl of libertinism, have been reclaimed by suffering? Is not the corporal pain, which succeeds every excess, a proof of heavenly interference? Shall man dare to avert this by impious affection? Shall the father dare to destroy, by ill-timed tenderness, the pledge entrusted to his care? Consider, sir—if you doom him to undergo, for a short time, the misery he has prepared for himself, must he not reform? In the other case, must he not become habituated to vice?—Then woe be to the father, who, by countenancing the crimes of his son, has destroyed the intentions of a higher Power.

Cou. I'll write to him—I'll tell him that I abandon him for ever.

Fra. Such conduct will be wise.

Cou. I'll forbid him to appear again before me.

Fra. That will have a wholesome effect upon him.

Cou. (*In a tone of affection.*) Till he reforms.

Fra. Right, sir. But may he not come with the mask of a hypocrite; sue for your compassion; with tears implore your pardon; and, after having obtained it, may he not depart, and, in the arms of his harlots, laugh at his old father's

weakness?—No, sir; believe me, he will, of his own accord, return as soon as his conscience has acquitted him.

Cou. I must write to him without delay. (*Going.*)

Fra. Hold! another word, my father. Your anger may, I fear, dictate to your pen expressions which may drive him to despair; and, on the other hand—will he not deem a letter written by yourself to be a token of forgiveness? It will, therefore, be better if you allow me to write the letter.

Cou. Do so, Francis. Alas! It would have broken my heart. Tell him—

Fra. (*Eagerly.*) You wish me to write, then?

Cou. Yes. Tell him that he has made me shed a thousand tears of blood—that he has made me toss upon my couch a thousand sleepless nights—but he is my son—do not drive him to despair.

Fra. Retire to bed, dear father. You are much agitated.

Cou. Tell him that his father's bosom—but do not, do not drive him to despair. [*Exit.*]

Fra. (*Looks after him with derision.*) Yes. Console thyself, poor dotard, for his loss. Thou shalt never clasp him in thy arms. The gulph between thee and thy darling son is as wide as that which separates heaven from hell. He was torn from thy arms, ere thou hadst determined that it was thy will. I must collect these scraps. How easily might any one recognize my hand! (*Gathers the pieces of the letter which he had torn.*) What a wretched bungler should I be, had I not yet discovered the means of alienating a father from his son; even were they bound by chains of iron to each other. Yes, honoured father, I have drawn a magic circle round thee, which thy darling cannot overstep. Sorrow will soon do its duty, and close thy mortal career. From *her* heart too I must tear this Charles, even if half her life depended on it. (*Walks to and fro with rapid strides.*) Nature, I have great right to hate thee, and, by my soul, I'll be revenged. Why hast thou loaded me with such a burden of

deformity? Why me alone of all that bear the name of Moor? Hell and furies, why me alone? But, 'tis well. Thou didst damn me while I was begotten—and, in return, I vow eternal hatred against thee. I see no other human being like me—therefore will I blast thy works. The sweet fraternity of souls I cannot know—the soft persuasive eloquence of love I cannot use. Force, therefore,—force and cunning must assist me. With them I'll crush each creature that opposes me, 'till I have gained the height of my ambition.

Enter AMELIA slowly.

She comes.—Ha! I perceive, by her step, that the medicine takes effect.—I do not love her; but I am resolved that no one else shall revel in her charms. In my arms shall they wither, untasted, unenjoyed by man.—Ha! What is she doing now? (*Amelia, without perceiving Francis, destroys a nosegay, and tramples on it. Francis approaches with a malicious mien.*) What crime have these poor violets committed?

Ame.—(*Starts and measures him with a long look.*)—You here! 'Tis as I wished. You alone, of all mankind, did I wish to see.

Fra. Transcendant bliss! me alone of all mankind!

Ame. Yes: I have panted for this moment, and will enjoy it. Stay, I conjure you—stay, that I may—curse thee, villain.

Fra. What! Treat me thus! You have mistaken the object of your hate. Go to my father.

Ame. Father!—true. A father who dooms his son to eat the food of sorrow and despair, while he regales himself with dainties, quaffs delicious wines, and rests his palsied frame on beds of down. Shame on you, monsters—shame on you, brutal wretches! How could a father be persuaded thus to treat his only son!

Fra. His only son! I thought that he had two.

Ame. Yes, he deserves such sons as thou art. When stretched upon the bed of death, in vain will he stretch forth

his withered hand, in hopes to feel the hand of Charles. With horror will he shrink from the icy touch of Francis. Yes, wretch, one transport still awaits thee—a dying father's curse.

Fra. Your mind is disordered, dear Amelia: I lament your fate.

Ame. Dost thou lament thy brother's fate? No: monster, thou hatest him. I hope thou hatest me too.

Fra. Oh, Amelia! I love you more than life.

Ame. If this be true, you surely cannot deny me one request.

Fra. Never, never! ask any thing.

Ame. The boon is small.—(*With dignity.*)—All I require is, that thou wilt hate me. Shame would overpower me; were I to know that, while I thought of Charles, thou didst not hate me. Give me thy promise, and begone.

Fra. Lovely enthusiast! How does that firm, immutable affection charm me!—(*Placing his hand on Amelia's heart.*)—Here, here reigned my brother. Charles was the god of this temple.—In motion, or on her pillow, Charles was the idol of Amelia's fancy. In Charles creation seemed to be concentrated.—

Ame.—(*Much agitated.*)—'Tis true—I own it. Yes, in defiance of you, barbarous wretches as you are, I'll tell it to the world—I love him.

Fra. Inhuman villain, thus to reward her tender passion—to forget her!

Ame. What? Forget me!

Fra. Did you not place a ring upon his finger—A diamond ring, as a pledge of your fidelity? But what youth can resist the fascinating arts of a wanton? Who can blame him? He had no money—and she rewarded him, no doubt, for his liberality, by many a warm embrace.

Ame.—(*Incensed.*)—My ring to a wanton!

Fra. Shame overtake him! Yes.

Ame.—(*Violently.*)—My ring!

Fra. No other, Amelia. Oh, had you placed such a jewel on my finger, Death himself should not have robbed me of the treasure. 'Tis not the sparkling diamond, nor the costly workmanship, but *love*, which gives value to the present.—You are in tears, sweet girl. Damned be the wretch who made them flow. Alas! did you know all; were you to see him in his present state?

Ame. Monster! In what state?

Fra. Dear Amelia, do not ask me.—(*As if aside, but audibly.*)—Well would it be for the libertine and the debauchee could he conceal his crimes from the world's observation: but they are horribly betrayed by the dim, livid eye, the death-like features, faltering voice, projecting bones, and tottering frame. The poison pierces to the very marrow, and — — — disgusting dreadful thought!—(*Turns towards her.*)—Amelia, you recollect the wretch who expired in our hospital. You once looked at him, but modesty forbade that the look should be more than momentary. Recall the image of that wretch to your mind, and think you see—my brother Charles. Yes, such is he. His kisses are infectious—poison is on his lips.

Ame. Infamous slanderer!—(*Turns away.*)

Fra. Does this weak description fill you with horror? Go, then—behold himself—behold your amiable, angelic Charles—go—inhalé the balsam of his breath—feast on the ambrosial air which issues from his lips—(*Amelia conceals her face.*)—How voluptuous to embrace him!—But is it not unjust to condemn a person on account of his external appearance?—May not a great soul beam from a miserable cripple, like a diamond from a dunghill?—(*With a malicious smile.*)—True it is, if debauchery undermines the firmness of character, if virtue makes her escape when modesty is banished, as the perfume leaves the withered rose—if the mind becomes a cripple with the body—

Ame.—(*Transported.*) Ha! Charles! now I know thee

again. Thou art still the same. Villain, it cannot be. Thy tale is false—(*Francis stands awhile lost in thought, then suddenly turns, and is going.*)—Whither so quick. Art thou ashamed, because detected.

Fra.—(*Concealing his face.*)—Let me weep unmolested.—Hard-hearted father—thus to consign to misery the worthiest of his sons. Let me hasten to him, dear Amelia. I'll fall at his feet, and, on my knees, implore that he will transfer his curse to me—that he will disinherit me—my blood—my life—my every thing.

Ame.—(*Falls on his neck.*)—Brother of my Charles! Best, dearest Francis!

Fra. Oh, Amelia, how do I love you for your unshaken constancy towards Charles. Pardon me for having thus put your affection to the test. How sweetly have you justified my wishes. These tears, these sighs, this praiseworthy indignation—all, all prove our souls to be congenial.

Ame.—(*Shakes her head.*)—No, no. By yon chaste light of heaven, thou canst not feel like Charles. His sensibility and spirit are alike unknown to thee.

Fra. The evening which preceded his departure for Leipzig was silent and serene. He led me to the arbour, where you and he so often had exchanged soft vows of love.—Long we remained silent, till at length he seized my hand, and whispered in a voice which his tears almost choaked: “I leave my Amelia—I cannot account for my sensations—but I fear that I leave her for ever. Do not forsake her, brother. Be her friend—her Charles—should Charles never return——(*Falls at her feet, and kisses her hand with fervour.*)—And never will he return.—Amelia, I acceded to his wishes, and he bound me to the observance of them by an oath.

Ame. (*Starts back.*) Traitor! Have I detected thee? In that very arbour did he conjure me, that, if death divided us, no other passion should——Wretch; villain most accursed! Away from me!

Fra. Amelia, you do not know me.

Ame. Oh, I know thee well. Wouldst thou convince me that Charles could entrust his secrets to a wretch like thee? Begone instantly.

Fra. You insult me.

Ame. Begone, I say. Thou hast robbed me of a costly hour. May it be deducted from thy life!

Fra. You hate me, then?

Ame. I abhor thee. Begone.

Fra. (*Furiously.*) Enough! Soon shall you tremble for this conduct. You shall feel what it is to prefer a beggar.

[*Exit.*

Ame. Go, villain. I am now again with Charles.—Beggar, said he? I would not exchange the tatters which hang upon him, for the purple of an emperor. How dignified must be the look with which he begs!—A look, which instantly annihilates the pageantry and splendor of the great. Down to the dust, ye splendid baubles! (*Tears her necklace.*) Ye rich and mighty barons, may your gold, your jewels, and your banquets be your curse!—Charles! Charles! Now, I deserve thee.

[*Exit.*

SCENE changes to an inn on the borders of Saxony. CHARLES is discovered walking to and fro in great agitation.

Cha. Where can these fellows tarry? Surely they have been on horseback. Holla! More wine here!—Evening approaches, and the post is not yet arrived. (*Laying his hand on his breast.*) How my heart beats!—Wine, wine, I say!—I am doubly in want of courage to-day, whether to bear joyful or disastrous tidings. (*Wine is brought—he drinks, and strikes the table with violence.*) What a damned inequality prevails throughout this world! While many a miser hoards whole chests of gold, poverty lays her leaden hand upon the bold enterprizing flights of youth. Fellows,

whose income is incalculable, torment me hourly to discharge my paltry debts, and though I press their hands, and beg them to allow me but a single day—all is in vain. Entreaties, oaths, and tears, have no effect on their impenetrable souls.

Enter SPIEGELBERG.

Spi. Damnation! One stroke follows close upon another. Have you heard the news, Moor?

Cha. No—What has happened?

Spi. Happened! Read this paper, which is just arrived by the post. Peace is proclaimed throughout Germany. The devil take all monks, say I.

Cha. Peace throughout Germany!

Spi. Ay.—The news is enough to make a man hang himself. Club-law is at an end. All contests are forbidden on pain of death. Hell and furies! Cut your throat, Moor. Pens will scribble now, where swords used to be employed.

Cha. (*Casts his sword from him.*) Let cowards, then, head our regiments, and men break their swords.—Peace throughout Germany! The news has branded thee with infamy for ever, Germany. Goose-quills usurp the place of swords! I'll not think of it. Shall I curb my ardent spirit, and submit, without resistance, to despotic laws? Peace throughout Germany! Damned be the peace, which would make a man crawl like a snail upon the earth, when he feels that he could overtop the eagle in his flight! Peace never produced a great man—war has made many a hero. Oh that the spirit of our fathers would revive! Place me at the head of a few bold determined Germans.—Germans! No, no, no. That cannot be. Germany must fall. Her hour is come. Not one spark of resolution animates the descendants of Barbarossa. I will forget the use of arms, and wander in my peaceful native groves.

Spi. What, in the devil's name, do you mean? Why, you surely would not act the part of the prodigal son—you, a fellow, who has written more legible characters with his sword, than half a dozen quill-drivers could scribble in a leap-year! Pshaw! You ought to be ashamed of yourself. Misfortunes must never transform a hero into a coward.

Cha. Yes, Maurice, I will act the part of the repentant prodigal. You may call it weakness in me to revere my father. It is the weakness of a man; and he who does not feel it, must be exalted above humanity, or degraded below it. I will pursue the middle course.

Spi. Go, go—You are no longer the Charles Moor, whom once I knew. Don't you remember how often you have laughed at the old miser, with the glass in your hand. Have I not heard you say, a thousand times, "Let him enjoy his hoards of wealth, while I enjoy my bottle." Don't you remember this, I say? 'Twas spoken like a man, but—

Cha. Damnation overtake thee, Maurice, for reminding me of such expressions! Damnation overtake myself for having uttered them! But, no—I was intoxicated. My heart knew not what escaped my lips.

Spi. (*Shakes his head.*) Charles, it is impossible you can be serious. Come, confess now, that necessity compels you to think of this plan. Pshaw! Never fear, man, happen what may. True courage grows in proportion to the increase of danger. Fate seems resolved to make great men of us, by casting so many impediments in our way.

Cha. (*In a peevish tone.*) I know not of what use courage would be now.

Spi. Of much. What! Would you suffer your talents to moulder and decay? Would you bury your great abilities in the earth? Do you fancy that your genius is incapable of any thing beyond your petty exploits at Leipzig? Let us hurry together into the bustle of the world. Paris

and London are the places for us. There, if you greet a person by the title of an honest man, you are sure to feel his fist. There, a man of genius may carry on the trade by wholesale. Yes—you will stare, I promise you, when you see how gloriously writing is counterfeited—dice loaded—cards palmed—locks picked—strong boxes gutted. Huzza! Paris and London for ever! I'll be your tutor. Hang the miserable dolt, who would starve rather than belong to the crook-fingered tribe.

Cha. (With asperity.) Have you reached such a length as this?

Spi. I could almost fancy that you doubt my powers. Let me once become warm, and you shall see miracles. Your shallow understanding will be struck with astonishment, when my pregnant genius shall bring forth. (*Striking the table.*) *Aut Cæsar, aut nihil.* You shall be jealous of me.

Cha. (Keenly surveying him.) Maurice!

Spi. (With ardour.) Yes, you shall be jealous of me—you, and all our comrades. I'll devise schemes which shall amaze and confound you. What mighty plans are dawning in my mind! What gigantic projects fill this teeming brain! Cursed be the lethargy (*striking his forehead*) which hitherto confined my powers, and darkened all my prospects! I am, now, awake—I feel who I am, and what I must become.—Leave me, all of you. You shall live from my bounty.

Cha. You are a fool. The wine has mounted into your brain.

Spi. (With increasing ardour.) "Spiegelberg," you will say, "are you concerned with the devil, Spiegelberg?"—"What a pity it is, Spiegelberg," the king will say, "that you were not a general when the Turks attacked us! You would have soon made them beat a retreat."—"What a lamentable circumstance it is," I hear the doctors cry, "that

this young man did not study physic! His discoveries would have immortalized him as the first of our profession."—"Alas! had he devoted his mind to finance," will the statesman exclaim, "he would have converted even stones to gold."—The name of Spiegelberg will be echoed from east to west—from north to south—and while he soars with outspread wings to the temple of renown, you, paltry reptiles, shall be crawling in the mire.

Cha. Success attend you! Mount to the summit of fame by the ladder of infamy, if such be *your* inclination. More honourable happiness awaits me, in the shade of my paternal groves, and in the arms of my Amelia. A week has now elapsed since I wrote to entreat my father's pardon. I have not concealed from him the smallest circumstance, and forgiveness is ever the reward of sincerity. Let us take leave of each other, Maurice. We shall never meet again after to-day. The post is arrived. My father's pardon is already within the walls of this town.

Enter SCHWEIZER, GRIMM, ROLLER, and SCHUF-TERLE.

Rol. Have you heard that there are officers in search of us?

Gri. And that we may expect every minute to be apprehended.

Cha. I am not surprised to hear it. I care not what happens. Have you seen Razman? I expect he has a letter for me.

Rol. I dare say he has, for I observed him in search of you some time ago.

Cha. Where, where is he? (*Going.*)

Rol. Stay. I told him to come hither. Why, how now? You tremble.

Cha. Not I, indeed. Why should I tremble? This letter—rejoice with me, my friends—I am the happiest man on

earth. Why should I tremble? (*Schw. seats himself in the chair previously occupied by Spi. and drinks his wine.*)

Enter RAZMAN.

Cha. (Flies towards him.) My friend! The letter! the letter!

Raz. (Delivers the letter, which Charles hastily tears open.) What now? Why, you are as pale as a white-washed wall.

Cha. My brother's hand!

Rol. What's the matter with Spiegelberg?

Gri. The fellow has lost his senses. He is troubled with St. Vitus's dance.

Schw. He seems to me as if he were making verses.

Rol. Spiegelberg! Holla! Spiegelberg! Damn the fellow! He does not hear me.

Gri. (Shaking him.) Maurice, are you dreaming? or——?

Spi. (Who has been, since his conversation with Charles, sitting in a corner, and making gestures, which convey the idea of some great project, starts wildly from his chair, and seizes Schweizer by the throat.) *La bourse ou la vie.* (*Schweizer, with perfect composure, pushes him against the wall. The rest laugh. Charles drops his letter, and is bursting out of the room. All start.*)

Rol. (Holding Charles.) Moor, whither so fast?

Gri. What is the matter? He is as pale as death.

Cha. Lost, lost for ever.

[*Rushes out.*]

Rol. (Takes up the letter and reads it.) "Unfortunate brother!" The beginning is pleasant enough, to be sure. "I am under the necessity of briefly informing you that your hopes are defeated. Our father says, you may go wherever your depraved, abandoned mind directs. He forbids every personal attempt, on your part, to obtain his pardon, unless you wish to live on bread and water in the lowest

dungeon of the castle, till your hairs grow like the feathers of an eagle, and your nails like the talons of a vulture. These are his last words. He commands me to close the letter. Farewel, for ever. I sincerely pity you.

FRANCIS MOOR."

Schw. Most amiable brother Francis!

Spi. You mentioned bread and water, I think? Temperate kind of diet, to be sure—but I have provided otherwise for you. Have not I always said that I should be obliged at last to think for you all?

Schw. The blockhead! You think for us all!

Spi. If you be not poltroons—if you have courage enough to attempt something great—

Rol. Will it release us from our present infernal scrapes?

Spi. (*With a smile of self-approbation.*) Release us from our present scrapes! Ha! ha! ha! Would that satisfy you? Can your thimble-full of brains project nothing greater than that? Yes, yes, Spiegelberg must think for you. I'll point out to you the way by which you shall become heroes, barons, princes, gods!

Raz. That's a long stride, by my soul. But I presume your project is rather of the break-neck kind. It will cost each of us a head at least, I suppose.

Spi. Not your's, depend upon it, Razman. Courage alone is wanted, for with respect to the mode of proceeding, I take the management of that entirely upon myself. Courage, I say, Schweizer! Courage, Roller, Grimm, Razman, Schusterle! Courage.

Schw. If that be all you want, I've courage enough to walk through hell barefooted.

Rol. And I enough to fight the devil under the gallows, for the body of a thief just executed.

Spi. Spoken like men! If you feel thus courageous, let any one step forth and say, "I still have something to lose." (*A long pause.*) No answer to this?

Rol. Why should we waste our time in idle words? If

common sense can understand, and determined spirit execute your project—out with it!

Spi. Be it so. (*Stations himself in the midst of them, and proceeds in a solemn tone.*) If you have one drop of that blood which filled the veins of German heroes, follow me. Let us hasten to the forests of Bohemia, there collect a band of robbers—and—why do you stare at me? Is your little fume of valour already evaporated?

Rol. You are not the first freebooter who has defied the gallows—and yet—what else can we do?

Spi. What else? Nothing. Would you be confined in a dungeon for debt, and doomed to hard labour till the last trumpet sounds? Would you earn a morsel of rye-bread by tilling the earth? Would you gain a mean subsistence by singing ballads through the streets? Would you follow the drum (I mean if your countenances did not forbid that any regiment should accept you) and submit to the overbearing insults of a corporal, till flogged to death, or doomed to fill the station of a beast, and drag artillery? Such is the choice now left to you.

Rol. Spiegelberg, you are a glorious orator, when your object is to transform an honest man into a villain. But what is become of Moor?

Spi. An honest man, did you say? Do you think my project will make you less honest than you are at present? Is it not praiseworthy to take from the miser a third of that, which causes care, and banishes repose—to force the hoarded treasure into circulation—to restore equality of property—in a word, to create a second golden age—to assist heaven, by removing from the world war, pestilence, famine and physic—to feel the flattering conviction, when we sit down to dinner, that our meal is procured by the exertion of our own genius and courage—to acquire the respect of every rank in society—

Rol. And, finally, to be dispatched by a hangman—to dangle, in defiance of wind and weather, between heaven and

earth, while the fowls of the air join in celestial concert round us—to have the honour, while monarchs are food for worms, of being visited by the royal bird of Jove.—Maurice, Maurice, beware of the beast with three legs.

Spi. Hen-hearted fool! Does this alarm you? Many a fine fellow with a genius extensive enough to have effected universal reformation, has been doomed to perish by the halter;—but does not such a man's renown extend through centuries and tens of centuries, while many a prince would be overlooked in history, were it not the historian's interest to increase the number of his pages? Nay, when the traveller sees a gibbet,—does he not exclaim: “That fellow was no fool,” and lament the hardship of the times?

Raz. Spiegelberg, give me your hand. Your arguments, like the lyre of Orpheus, have lulled that howling Cerberus, my conscience, to repose.—I am your's.

Gri. Let them catch us too, if they can. At all events one may carry a concealed powder which is capable of conveying us across Acheron at short notice.—Your hand, Maurice. You have heard my Catechism.

Schuf. Damnation! There's an auction in my head. A mountebank—a sharper—a coiner—a robber—I am ready to adopt any character. He who bids the most, secures me—Give me your hand, Maurice.

Schw. (*Approaches slowly, and presents his hand.*) Spiegelberg, you are a great man—or a blind sow has found an acorn.

Rol. (*After a long pause, during which he has rivetted his eye on Schweizer.*) You too, my friend! (*Stretches forth his hand.*) Roller and Schweizer shall support each other—even to the jaws of hell.

Spi. Right, my lads! All is settled. To the stars let us force our way,—to Cæsars and to Catalines.—Fill your glasses. Health to the god of thieves.

All. Health to Mercury!

Spi. Now, let us proceed to business. A year hence, each of us will be rich enough to buy an earldom.

Schw. (Aside.) Yes—if we be not broken on the wheel before the year is expired. *(They are going.)*

Rol. Stay, comrades, stay. Ugly as the beast may be, it must have a head. Rome and Sparta fell for want of one.

Spi. (With a fawning mien.) True. Roller is right. A leader you must have—a penetrating politic leader. *(Stalks into the midst of them.)* When I reflect what you were but a few moments since, and what one happy thought has made you—(yes, yes,—of course you must have a chief)—a thought, too, which must have had its origin in an enlightened mind—

Rol. If we might hope—but I fear he will not consent—

Spi. (In a complacent tone.) Don't despair, Roller. Hard as is the task to steer the vessel, when the winds and waves oppose it—oppressive as is the weight of a crown—speak frankly, man. Perhaps—perhaps—he may be prevailed upon—

Rol. If he be not at our head, the whole scheme is a bubble. Without Moor, we shall be a body without a soul.

Spi. (Turning away with a look of peevish disappointment.) Dolt! Blockhead!

Enter Charles, in violent agitation.

Cha. (Walks to and fro with furious gestures, not perceiving that any one is present.) Man!—man!—False hypocrite!—Deceitful crocodile!—Thy eyes overflow—but thy heart is iron.—Thou stretchest forth thy open arms—but a poniard is concealed in thy bosom. Lions and leopards feed their young,—the raven feasts its little ones on carrion, and he, he—Experience has made me proof against the shafts of malice. I could smile, while my enemy quaffed my heart's blood—but when the affection of a father is converted into the hatred of a fury—let manly composure catch fire—let the

gentle lamb become a tiger—let every nerve in my frame be braced, that I may spread around me vengeance and destruction.

Rol. Moor, what think you?—Is not the cavern of a robber better than the dungeon of a prison?

Cha. Why did not my spirit take up its abode in the body of a tiger, which satisfies its ravenous appetite with human flesh? Is this a parent's love? Oh that I were a bear—then might I instigate my whole species to revenge my wrongs.—Thus penitent—yet thus rejected! I could pour poison into the ocean—I could annihilate mankind.

Rol. Listen to me, Moor.

Cha. It is incredible—it is a vision.—So pathetic a description of my sufferings—so fervent an avowal of my penitence—the beasts of the forest would have felt compassion, yet—were I to declare this openly, the world would deem it a libel upon human nature.—Oh that I could blow the trumpet of rebellion through creation—that I could arm earth, air, and sea against the barbarous race!

Gri. Hear us, Moor! Your fury makes you deaf to us.

Cha. Away from me! Is not thy name *man*? Art thou not born of woman? Away from me instantly! Oh I loved him so sincerely—so unutterably. No son could feel the same affection towards a father. A thousand times would I have sacrificed my life in his defence. (*Foaming with fury, and stamping most violently.*) Ha!—Who will arm this hand with a sword, that I may destroy this brood of otters? Who will instruct me how to extirpate the whole race?—He shall be my friend, my guardian-angel.—I will adore him.

Rol. We are the friends whom you describe. Listen to us, Moor.

Gri. Accompany us to the Bohemian forests. We intend to form a band of robbers, and you—(*Charles rivets his eye on him.*)

Schw. You shall be our captain—you must be our captain.

Spi. (*Throws himself into a chair.*) Slaves and cowards!

Cha. Who first thought of this?—Hear me, fellows! (*Seizes Roller.*) Thy mind is incapable of conceiving such a project.—Who mentioned it to thee?—Yes, by the thousand arms of Death, the project suits my temper.—He who first planned this enterprize, is worthy of a seat in heaven.—Robbers and murderers!—By my soul, I will be your captain.

All. (*With a joyful shout.*) Long live our captain!

Spi. (*Aside.*) 'Till I dispatch him.

Cha. The scales fall from my eyes. What a fool was I to sigh for the cage, in which I have before been confined! My soul thirsts for action—my heart pants for the blessings of freedom.—Robbers and murderers!—Yes. I will unite with these, and trample on all laws. I appealed to man, and man shut his ear against me.—Away, therefore, all sympathy—all mercy—all humanity! I no longer have a father—I no longer feel an attachment. Blood and death shall teach me to forget that any one was ever dear to me.—Tremble, tremble, ye who are doomed to be in my power.—For my vengeance shall be horrible.—We are agreed, my friends. I am your captain—and happy shall be his lot, who most shall spread around him desolation and despair; for, as I live, he shall be recompensed most royally.—Come round me, friends, and swear you will be faithful and obedient to me till death.

All. (*Present their hands.*) Your's till death. (*Spiegelberg walks furiously up and down.*)

Cha. And now, by this right hand I swear to remain your faithful, stedfast leader, till I shall be no more. This arm shall make a corpse of him who hesitates when danger calls, or retreats when it presses. The same punishment overtake me from your hands, if I ever swerve from my oath. Are you satisfied?

All. (Throwing their hats in the air.) We are, we are.
(*Spiegelberg turns away with a malicious smile.*)

Cha. Now, let us go. Be not afraid of danger or of death; for over us presides a destiny, which cannot be controlled. We all hasten towards the fatal day: Die we must—whether upon a bed of down, the field of battle, or the scaffold.—One of these must be our lot.

[*Exit, followed by the rest.*]

Spi. (Aside, as he goes.) The catalogue is not complete. Thou hast omitted treason and assassination. [Exit.]

END OF ACT I.



ACT II.

SCENE, a Chamber in the COUNT's Castle.

FRANCIS is discovered in deep Meditation.

Fra. How tedious are these medical men!—What an eternity is an old man's life!—Must my towering plans be confined to the snail-paced infirmities of a father? Oh that I understood the method of conveying death into the fort of life—of destroying the body by operating on the mind!—That were a glorious discovery,—it would raise me to the rank of a second Columbus in the realms of death.—Let me reflect awhile. Such an art deserves that I should be the inventor of it.—How shall I begin?—What sensation would soonest overpower the faculties of life? *Rage?* No. That is a voracious wolf, which soon surfeits itself.—*Grief?* No. That is a worm, which creeps too slowly.—*Fear?*—No. *Hope* defeats its power.—Are these the only executioners of man?—Is the arsenal of death so soon exhausted? (*After a pause.*) Ha! True!—*Terror!*—What cannot terror effect?—What can reason, or religion oppose to this giant?—Yet, it is possible he may even survive the effects of terror.—Assist me then, *Anguish*, and thou, *Repentance*, undermining viper, who dost ruminate thy food. Assist me, thou, *Self-accusation*, who dost destroy thine own inheritance, and turn against thy parent. Lend me thy aid, too, *Memory*, who dost multiply our present sorrows by recalling former happiness.—Display thy mirror, thou deceitful nymph, *Futurity*. Let him behold therein the joys of heaven, but never, never let him taste

them.—The plan is excellent. Blow shall follow blow. This band of furies shall immediately commence their terrible combined assault, and that malignant fiend, *Despair*, shall follow, and inflict the fatal blow. Triumph! Triumph!

Enter HERMAN.

Ha! Deus ex machinâ! Herman!

Her. Your humble servant, Sir.

Fra. (*Presents his hand.*) You shall not find me ungrateful.

Her. I have proof of your liberality.

Fra. You shall soon have more—very soon. Herman, listen to me.

Her. I am all attention.

Fra. I know you, Herman. You are a resolute, intrepid fellow. My father has insulted you most grossly.

Her. May hell receive me when I forget it!

Fra. Spoken like a man! Revenge becomes you, Herman. Take this purse. It should be heavier, were I lord of these domains.

Her. That is my constant wish. I thank you, Sir.

Fra. Is it your wish I should be lord of these domains? —Is it really your wish, Herman? But it cannot be. My father has the constitution of a lion, and I am a younger son.

Her. I wish, Sir, that you were heir to the estates, and that your father had the constitution of a love-sick girl.

Fra. Were such the case, Herman should be royally rewarded for his services. I would raise thee from thy ignoble situation, to the rank which thou deservest. By heaven, thou shouldst possess a treasure—thou shouldst rival the equipages of our proudest nobles—but I am wandering from the subject, on which I wished to converse with you. Have you forgotten Amelia?

Her. Damnation! Why remind me of her?

Fra. My brother gained her affections—my brother robbed you——

Her. For which he shall most dearly pay.

Fra. She refused you—nay, I believe, he kicked you down stairs—

Her. For which I'll kick him into hell.

Fra. I have often heard him say, that your father never could look at you without striking his breast and exclaiming: "God be merciful to me, a sinner!"

Her. (*With frantic violence.*) Hell and damnation seize him!—No more!

Fra. He advised you to sell the patent of your father's nobility, and buy worsted to mend your stockings.

Her. The curse of heaven overtake him! I'll tear his eyes out.

Fra. Why thus irritated, Herman? How can you be revenged? What harm can a mouse do to a lion? Your fury will sweeten his triumph. You can do no more than grind your teeth, and vent your rage upon a crust of bread.

Her. (*Stamping with violence.*) I'll trample him in the dust.*

Fra. Right.—Herman, you are a gentleman. You must not tamely submit to this insult. You must not lose Amelia—no, by heaven, you *shall* not lose Amelia. Hell and furies! I would attempt the utmost, were I in your situation.

Her. I will not rest, till I have felled him to the earth.

Fra. Be not so violent, Herman. Come nearer. You shall have Amelia.

Her. That I will, in spite of the devil.

Fra. You shall have her, I tell you. You shall receive her from my hand. Come nearer, I say. You are ignorant, perhaps, that Charles is disinherited.

Her. Amazing! I have never heard a syllable respecting it.

Fra. Compose yourself, and listen. Eleven months have elapsed since he has been discarded.—But my father already repents the hasty step, though (*with a smile*) I flatter myself he ought not to have the credit of it. Amelia, too, torments him daily with reproaches and complaints. In short, I am convinced he will soon be persuaded to send people in search of him throughout the world, and if he be found—good night, Herman! You may bow to him at the coach-door, when he drives with her to church, for the purpose of marrying her.

Her. I would strangle him at the altar.

Fra. My father will soon resign to my brother his estates, that he himself may live in retirement. Then will your proud rival have the reins in hand, and laugh at those who envy him—while I, who would exalt you to the rank which you deserve—I must be dependent on him for a bare subsistence.

Her. (*Enraged.*) No. By my soul you shall not be dependent on him.

Fra. Can you prevent it? You, too, Herman, will be doomed to feel the scourge of his malice. When he meets you in the street, he will spit at you, and if you shrug your shoulders, or complain—woe be to you!—Such is your chance to obtain Amelia—such are your prospects.

Her. (*In a resolute tone.*) Instruct me, then, how to act.

Fra. I will; I feel for your fate, and will advise you as a friend. Go—disguise yourself—so completely that no one can recognize you, and procure admission to the old man. Tell him that you are come from Hungary—that you served with my brother during the last campaign—that you saw him die on the field of battle—

Her. But shall I be believed?

Fra. Leave that to me. Take this packet.—It contains instructions and documents, which will silence all suspicion.—Now contrive to leave the castle unperceived. Escape

through the back-door, and over the garden-wall.—For the management of the catastrophe rely on me.

Her. And that will end in: Long live our new Lord, Francis Count Moor!

Fra. How sly the rogue is!—Right, Herman. By this plan we shall obtain all we wish. Amelia will renounce every hope of possessing Charles. The old man will blame himself for having been the cause of his son's untimely end—will fall sick—and then, Herman—there needs no earthquake to destroy a falling house. He will not survive the news—I shall inherit his property. Amelia, having lost every support, must become the plaything of my will. Of course, therefore, you perceive—in short every thing will be as we wish.—But, you must not retract, Herman.

Her. Retract! (*With an air of triumph.*) Sooner shall the ball return to the cannon which discharged it. Rely on me.—Farewel. [*Exit.*]

Fra. (*Calls after him.*) Remember that all you do is for your own advantage. The harvest is your own.—Yes. When the ox has dragged the corn to the barn, he must be content with hay. Some village wench thou may'st espouse, but not Amelia. How ready is the impetuous fool to stride over the bounds of honesty for the purpose of obtaining an object, which it is impossible he ever can possess!—This fellow, though he himself is a villain, relies upon my promise. Willingly does he consent to deceive an unsuspecting father—yet never would he forgive the man who retaliates by deceiving *him*. Is such the creature appointed by his Maker to be lord of the creation? Forgive me, then, dame nature, if I have accused thee of making me unlike the rest of mankind, and rid me of the little resemblance which still exists.—Man, thou hast forfeited my respect, and firmly am I now convinced that there can be no sin in straining every nerve to injure thee. [*Exit.*]

SCENE changes to the COUNT's chamber.—He is discovered asleep.—AMELIA is standing at his side.

Ame. Softly let me tread—he is asleep.—(*Approaches him.*) How benignant, how venerable is his countenance!—Venerable as the countenance with which saints are depicted.—No, good man, I cannot be incensed against thee.—Slumber amidst the perfume of the rose. (*Scatters roses on the bed.*) Dream of your Charles—and wake with grateful odours round you. (*Going.*)

Cou. (*In his sleep.*) My Charles! My Charles!

Ame. (*Slowly returns.*) Hark! His guardian angel listened to my supplication. (*Walks close to the bed.*) It is sweet to breathe the air, in which his name is floating. I will remain here.

Cou. (*Still Asleep.*) Are you there, Charles? Are you really there?—Oh, turn away that look of horror. I am already wretched enough. (*Appears to be much agitated.*)

Ame. (*Shakes him.*) Awake, Uncle.—It was but a dream.

Cou. (*Half awake.*) He was not here, then. I did not hold his hand. Cruel, hard-hearted Francis! Will you not even allow me to see him in a dream?

Ame. (*Starts.*) Ha! mark that, Amelia.

Cou. (*Rouses himself.*) Where am I?—You here, my niece?

Ame. Your slumbers were enviable, uncle.

Cou. True. I was dreaming of my Charles. Why did I not continue to dream of him? Perhaps, I might have obtained his forgiveness.

Ame. (*With a look of benignity.*) Angels harbour no resentment.—He forgives you. (*Gently pressing his hand.*) Father of my Charles, I forgive you.

Cou. No, dearest girl. The deadly paleness of thy countenance bears witness against me.—Poor Amelia! I destroy-

ed thy happiness for ever. Do not forgive me—yet oh, do not curse me.

Ame. Never, never! Be this my only curse! (*Kisses his hand with tenderness.*)

Cou. (*Rising.*) What do I see? Roses!—Girl, dost thou strew roses on the murderer of thy Charles?

Ame. I strewed them on the father of my Charles. (*Falls on the Count's neck.*) On Charles himself I cannot strew them.

Cou. How happy would you be, were that in your power! (*Draws forth a miniature.*) Know you this picture?

Ame. (*Rushes towards it.*) My Charles?

Cou. Such were his looks, when sixteen years of age. How altered are they now! Dreadful thought! This benignant look is now supplanted by the frown of fell misanthropy. This smile of hope is banished by despair. Doubtless you recollect the day on which you painted this, Amelia. It was his birth-day.

Ame. Oh! never shall I forget it. Never shall I again feel so happy! How charming were his looks! The reflection of the setting sun illumined his countenance, while his dark locks wantoned in the air. The sensations of the woman overpowered the skill of the artist. My pencil fell from my hand, while my soul fed on his enchanting features. The full beauty of the original took root in my heart, while on the ivory the touches were feeble and inanimate as is the recollection of past music.

Cou. Proceed, proceed. These enthusiastic ideas recal my youth. Oh my Amelia, your mutual affection made me so happy—

Ame. (*Riveting her eye upon the miniature.*) No, it is not he—it is not Charles. Here, and here, (*pointing to her heart and head*) the likeness is exact. It was not in the power of colours to imitate that heavenly fire, which sparkles in his eye. Away with it—'tis a paltry daub.

Enter DANIEL.

Dan. A man waits without, who wishes to see you, my Lord. He says that he has tidings of importance to communicate.

Cou. To me there is, in this world, but one subject which can be of importance. You know it, Amelia.—Perhaps it is some unfortunate man, who comes to crave my charity. He shall not depart unassisted. *[Exit Daniel.]*

Ame. If he be a beggar, admit him instantly.

Enter FRANCIS, HERMAN in disguise, and DANIEL.

Fra. This is the man who demands admittance to you. He says that he is the bearer of most dreadful tidings—can you bear to hear his recital?

Cou. I know but one circumstance which can be dreadful to me. Approach, and spare me not. Give him a cup of wine.

Her. *(In a feigned voice.)* My Lord, I hope you will forgive me, if, against my inclination, I distress you by my narrative. I am a stranger in this country; but I know you well—you are the father of Charles Moor.

Cou. How know you this?

Her. I knew your son.

Ame. Where is he? where is he?

Cou. Do you bring tidings of him?

Her. He was a student at the university of Leipzig. When he left that place, he wandered far and wide. He himself has told me that he strolled through Germany bare-headed and bare-footed, begging his bread from door to door. Five months after this, the fatal war between the Poles and Turks broke out, and, as he had no hopes in this world, he was attracted by the sound of king Matthias's victorious drum. "Permit me," said he to his majesty, "to die upon the bed of honour. I am fatherless."

Cou. Do not look at me, Amelia.

Her. The king bestowed on him an ensign's commission, and he accompanied the royal hero, during his victorious career. It happened that he and I slept in the same tent. He often spoke of his old father, and said he had known better days; nay, sometimes he would dwell upon his disappointed hopes, till tears rose into our eyes.

Cou. (Hiding his face.) No more! no more!

Her. A week after this period, a bloody battle occurred, and your son conducted himself like a gallant warrior. The whole army was witness of his wonderful exploits. Five regiments were obliged to relieve each other—and your son kept his post. Balls whizzed past him on every side—and he kept his post. A bullet shattered his right hand—he grasped the colours with his left—and kept his post.

Ame. (Transported.) Uncle, he kept his post.

Her. I found him, after the battle, stretched on the very spot where he had stood. He was mortally wounded. With his left hand he was trying to repel the streaming blood—his right he had buried in the earth. "Comrade," said he, "it was reported through the ranks that our general is slain."—"He is," answered I. "Then let every brave soldier follow his commander," cried he. With these words he withdrew his left hand from the wound, and, in a few minutes, expired like a hero.

Fra. (Affecting to be enraged.) Peace, wretch! May thy tongue deny its office for ever! Art thou come hither to destroy my father?

Her. I am come to fulfil the last request of my dying comrade. "Take this sword," said he, in a feeble voice, "and deliver it to my father. Tell him that it is stained with the blood of his son—of his son Charles, whom his curse forced into the field. Tell him that I died in despair." The word which accompanied his last sigh was—*Amelia.*

Ame. (As if roused from a reverie.) Was *Amelia*!

Cou. (Overpowered with anguish, tears his hair.) My curse forced him into the field ! He died in despair !

Her. This is the sword, and this a miniature, which, at the same time, he drew from his bosom : it bears a strong resemblance to that lady. " Deliver this to my brother Francis, and tell him "—Here his voice failed him. I know not what he would have added.

Fra. (Counterfeiting astonishment.) Amelia's picture to me ! Amelia's picture from Charles to me !

Ame. (Approaching Herman with violence.) Vile impostor ! Execrable hireling ! *(Seizes him.)*

Her. I merit not this treatment, Madam : look, and be convinced it is your picture. Perhaps you yourself presented it to him.

Fra. By my soul, Amelia, 'tis the very picture.

Ame. It is, it is.—Oh heaven and earth !

Cou. (In agony.) My curse forced him into the field—my curse drove him to despair.

Fra. And he thought of me in the last bitter hour—thought of me when death already waved his sable banner over him. Worthy affectionate brother.

Cou. My curse drove my son into the field of battle—my curse made him die in despair.

Her. (Scarcely able to conceal his agitation.) I cannot bear the sight of so much misery. Farewel, my Lord. *(Aside to Francis.)* Would that you had not employed me.

[Exit hastily.]

Ame. Stay, oh stay, what was his last word ?

Her. (Calls to her in a broken voice.) Amelia.

Ame. Amelia ! No :—thou art not an impostor. He is dead—yes, he is dead. Charles is dead.

Fra. What do I see ? Letters written with blood upon the sword !—Amelia !

Ame. Written with his blood ?

Fra. Am I awake ? Look at these bloody characters.

"*Francis, do not forsake my Amelia.*" And see—on the other side of the blade: "*Amelia, almighty death releases you from your vows.*" Mark that. He wrote it with a hand almost benumbed by death; he wrote it with his heart's warm blood; he wrote it on the awful brink of eternity.

Ame. Gracious God! it is his hand. Oh horrible! He never loved me. [*Rushes out.*]

Fra. (*Aside.*) Damnation, the dotard will survive the attack.

Cou. Oh my Amelia, my niece, my child, do not leave me. Francis, Francis, restore to me my son.

Fra. Who loaded him with a malediction? Who drove him to the field of battle? Who doomed him to die in despair? He was a noble youth. May the curse of heaven overtake his murderer!

Cou. (*Striking his breast and forehead with frantic violence.*) Yes. Heaven's curse must overtake me! I am the father, the unnatural father who destroyed him. I am the murderer of my son. He loved me even at the hour of death. Monster, monster that I am!

Fra. Why this fruitless sorrow? He is dead. (*With a malignant smile.*) It is easier to murder than to reanimate a son.

Cou. It was by thy persuasion that I cursed my son. It was by thy hellish arts.—Wretch! restore to me my Charles.

Fra. Rouse not my fury. I abandon thee at the hour of death.

Cou. Villain! Monster! Barbarous monster! Restore to me my son. (*Rushes furiously towards Francis, who eludes his grasp, and exit.*) A thousand curses follow thee! Thou hast robbed me of my son. (*Overwhelmed with despair, he throws himself upon a couch.*) Forsaken by all—forsaken at my dying hour. My guardian angel turns away, and all the saints of heaven abhor me as a murderer.—O horrible, horrible!—Will no kind soul support my head? Will no

one close my eyes? I call not on my kindred, or my friends. I have no kindred—I have no friends. I call on mankind. Will no one—forsaken—alone—death—despair. (*Sinks senseless upon the couch.*)

Enter AMELIA.

Ame. (Espies him, and shrieks.) Dead! dead!

[*Rushes out.*]

SCENE changes to a forest in Bohemia. *Enter RAZMAN from one side, and SPIEGELBERG, with several Robbers, from the other.*

Raz. Welcome, comrade, welcome to the forest of Bohemia. (*Embraces him.*) Where the devil have you been? From what quarter has the wind blown you hither, precious brother in iniquity?

Spi. I am piping hot from the fair at Leipzig. Rare fun we had, I assure you. Schufferle will tell you all particulars, when you see him. He has joined our captain's principal division on the road. (*Throws himself on the earth.*) Well, and how have you fared since we parted. Is the trade brisk? Oh, I could spend a day in relating our pranks, and damn me if you would not forget your meals while listening to them.

Raz. That I believe—that I believe. We have seen some accounts of you in the newspapers. But where, in the devil's name, did you find these fellows? Why, you have brought an army of recruits. You are a notable dog at discovering rogues, Maurice.

Spi. Ay, and a glorious set of rogues I've brought. You may hang your hat on the sun, and I'll bet half a week's booty that the fellows steal it, and that not a soul shall know how it was taken away.

Raz. (Laughs.) Well said, Maurice, you and these gentlemen will be welcome to our noble captain. He has enticed some fine fellows, too, I promise you.

Spi. (*Maliciously.*) Captain, forsooth!—Compare his men to mine!—Pshaw!

Raz. Come, come.—Your's may know how to manage their fingers; but our Captain's reputation has procured him some determined dogs— — brave hearty honest fellows.

Spi. So much the worse.

Enter GRIMM in haste.

Raz. Who's there? What's the matter? Have you seen any travellers?

Gri. Damnation? Where are the rest?—What!—Must you stand prating here, while poor Roller—

Raz. Roller! What of him?

Gri. Why he is hanged, and four more with him.

Raz. Roller hanged! How do you know that?

Gri. He has been in prison three weeks; and we knew nothing about the matter. During that time, he has been thrice stretched on the wheel, but the staunch dog refused to confess where his captain was. Yesterday he was condemned—and this morning he went post-haste to the devil.

Raz. What a damned business! Does the Captain know it?

Gri. The first account of it reached him yesterday. He foamed at the mouth like a wild boar. You know he was always very fond of Roller. Away he went, and fixed a ladder against the wall of the prison, but in vain. He gained admittance disguised as a friar, and wanted to take Roller's situation, but the noble fellow would not consent to it. Moor then returned, and this morning swore (our blood ran while we heard him) that Roller should be lighted to eternity by such a torch as never yet graced the funeral of an emperor. The town will feel the effect of his fury; for he hates the inhabitants on account of their bigotry, and you know when he says he will do any thing, it is as certain as if already done.

Raz. Poor Roller!

Spi. *Memento mori.* But I have not much to do with that maxim. (*Sings.*)

When a gibbet I pass
I am not such an ass
As to blubber, and think of my end.

But I shut my left eye,
Nod, and wink while I cry:
"Better you there than Maurice—good friend."

Raz. Hark! a shot! (*A noise is heard.*)

Spi. Another!

Raz. And a third! Huzza! It is the captain. (*Several Robbers sing at a distance.*)

Long live such judges! Who can match 'em?
They hang no rogues—unless they catch 'em.

(*Schweizer's and Roller's voices are heard.*) Holla!
Holla! Ho!

Raz. Roller's voice, or a thousand devils seize me!
(*Schweizer and Roller are again heard.*) Razman!
Grimm! Spiegelberg! Razman!

Raz. Roller! Schweizer! Fire, fury, and hell.

[*Running to meet them.*]

Enter CHARLES, SCHWEIZER, ROLLER, SCHUFTERLE,
and other Robbers, covered with dirt.

Cha. Liberty! Liberty!—Roller, you are free. Take my horse, and wash him with wine. (*Throws himself on the earth.*) We have had warm work, by my soul.

Raz. (*To Roller.*) What! Escaped, after having been thrice on the wheel!

Spi. Are you alive, or do I see a ghost?

Rol. Alive and hearty, comrade. Where am I come from, think you?

Gri. How can we know? We expected you were gone to prepare for our reception below.

Rol. You might have guessed worse, for I had begun my journey thither. I am come straight from the gallows. Let

me recover my breath. Schweizer will tell you the whole history. Give me a glass of brandy. You here again, Maurice! I expected to have met you else where. Give me a glass of brandy. All my bones are loose.

Raz. But come—tell us how you escaped. From the gallows, did you say?

Rol. (*Swallows a glass of brandy.*) That's the liquor of life! It warms my heart.—Yes—straight from the gallows, as I told you. I was only three steps from the damned ladder, on which I was to mount into Abraham's bosom. My chance was not worth a pinch of snuff. To the captain I am indebted for liberty and life.

Schw. It was an excellent joke, to be sure. We were told, by our spies, yesterday, that Roller was safe in the stone jug, and that, unless the sky fell before this morning, he would inevitably go the way of all flesh. "Follow me," cried the captain. "What will not a man attempt, when the life of a friend is in danger? We will rescue him if it be possible—if not, we'll light him to eternity by such a torch as never yet graced the funeral of an emperor." The band collected. We employed a clever fellow to apprize Roller of our intention, which he contrived by throwing a small note into his soup.

Rol. I despaired of success.

Schw. We waited till the streets were cleared. All the inhabitants followed poor Roller. We heard their shouts, and now and then could distinguish the voices of the psalm-singers. "Now," said the Captain, "execute my orders." We flew like arrows, set fire to the town in thirty-three places at once, hurled firebrands into the neighbourhood of the powder-magazine, into the churches and granaries—Hell and the devil! Before a quarter of an hour had elapsed, the north east wind, which must have felt a grudge against the town, came to our assistance, and soon made the blaze mount above the chimnies. We ran up and down the streets

like furies, crying "Fire! Fire!" Shrieks, shouts, and confusion pervaded the place. The bells began to ring backwards, when suddenly the powder-magazine blew up. What a cursed explosion did it make! One might have fancied that our earth was split asunder, that the sky was driven almost beyond space, and hell sunk at least ten thousand fathoms lower.

Rol. Just at this time, my attendants cast a look behind them. The town appeared like Sodom and Gomorrah. The horizon seemed to be on fire.—All sulphur, smoke, and flame. The forty hills which surround the town echoed with continual explosions. Terror and dismay overpowered every spectator of the scene. This was the decisive moment. I availed myself of it. So near was my fate that my irons had been already taken off. Away I flew swift as the wind, while the people round me were looking back like Lot's wife. After having run about sixty yards, I threw my clothes away, plunged into the river, and swam under water till I thought myself no longer in danger. I then landed and found our captain waiting for me with horses and clothes. Thus I escaped, and here I am. Moor, Moor, I wish you may soon be in a scrape, that I may have an opportunity of paying my debt.

Raz. A brutal wish, for which you ought to be hanged. But it was a capital stroke.

Rol. No one can know what it was, unless he has been in the same situation. To understand and feel it, you must march like me with half a hundred armed attendants. Then you must observe the damned preparations—you must see all the ceremonies of the executioner—you must look at the infernal machine, to which every reluctant step brings you nearer—you must hear those horrid psalm-singers—(their cursed twang still rings through my head)—you must hear the croak of the hungry ravens, who are picking up the half-corrupted remnant of your predecessor's carcase.—All

this combined with the happy prospect of eternity, must be felt, before you can judge what were my sensations. I would not undergo the same damned process for all the wealth which the devil can bestow. Death is no more than a Harlequin's leap, but the preparations—oh, curse them.

Spi. I can't help thinking of the powder-magazine. When it blew up, I'll answer for it that the air stunk as insufferably of brimstone, as if the devil had hung out his whole wardrobe.

Schw. If the town rejoiced so much at the idea of seeing our friend Roller swing, why should not we rejoice at the destruction of the town? Schusterle, do you know how many lives were lost.

Schuf. Eighty-three, I was told. The church-steeple alone buried sixty people under it.

Cha.—(*Who has listened with the utmost gravity*)—Roller, thy life was dearly bought.

Schuf. Pshaw! what does that signify? To be sure, if they had been men—but mere infants in swaddling-clouts—silly beldams, employed in driving the flies from them—blind chimney-corner cripples, no longer able to find the door—what the devil are they worth? All who could move, were gone to see the farce. None but the dregs of the town remained at home.

Cha. Poor unfortunate creatures! infants, cripples, and old nurses, said you?

Schuf. Ay, damn 'em—some invalids too—women with child—a few, perhaps, actually in labour. I happened to pass a house in which I heard an odd noise—I peeped into it, and what do you think I saw?—A child—a little healthy chubby boy.—It was stretched on the floor, under a table, and the flames were gathering round it.—“Poor little devil,” said I, “why, you seem cold.” So I lifted him by the arm, and threw him into the fire.

Cha. Didst thou so? May that fire burn in thy bosom till eternity grows grey. Quit my presence, monster, and dare not to appear again before me. I discharge thee from my band.—(*Several Robbers begin to murmur.*)—What!—Do you murmur?—Do you reflect upon the justice of my sentence?—Who dares to murmur or to think when Moor commands?—Away with him, I say. There are more among you who are ripe for my resentment. I know you, Spiegelberg. But I shall soon investigate more narrowly the conduct of you all; and better had it been for any one who dreads this scrutiny, if he had never seen the light of heaven.

All the Robbers withdraw in great agitation.

Cha.—(*Walks to and fro with rapid strides*)—God of vengeance, canst thou blame me for being what I am? Do not those engines of thy indignation, pestilence and famine, sweep away the just as well as unjust? Who can command the flames to kill the vermin, but to spare the grain? Here do I stand, before the face of heaven, and feel ashamed to own my degradation.—I, who essayed to hurl the thunder-bolt of Jove, have murdered pigmies, while the Titans triumph.—My first attempt has failed. I feel I have not strength to wield the avenging sword of God. Here, then, I renounce the audacious project.—I will retire to some rude corner of the earth, and shun the light of day.

Enter ROLLER in great haste.

Rol. Captain, we are discovered. Several troops of Bohemian cavalry are patrolling through the forest. Damn blue stockings, they have betrayed us.

Enter GRIMM.

Gri. Captain, we are tracked to our haunts. We are surrounded by a thousand horsemen.

Enter SPIEGELBERG.

Spi. Lost, lost, inevitably lost! Every man of us is hung, drawn, and quartered. Several thousand hussars and dragoons are stationed on the heights, and prevent all possibility of escape. *[Exit Charles.*

Enter SCHWEIZER, RAZMAN, SCHUFTERLE, and other Robbers, from various quarters.

Schw. It seems we have routed the fellows at last. I am glad to see these knights of the broad-sword. I have long wished to face them.—Where is our captain?—Is all the band assembled! We have ammunition enough, I hope?

Raz. Plenty, plenty. But our troop consists of no more than eighty. The odds are thirty to one against us at least.

Schw. So much the better. These fellows are paid for risking their persons—we fight for liberty and life. Let us rush upon them like a deluge and fire, as if all the demons of hell were let loose. Where is our captain?

Spi. He forsakes us in the hour of distress. Is there no possibility of escape?

Schw. Escape! When you attempt it, coward, may you sink in the mire, and be trampled to death! Yes, poltroon, you always can talk, but when you see a pistol—You chicken-hearted boaster, if you don't behave like a man to-day, I'll sew you in a boar's skin, and throw you to the dogs.

Raz. The captain! The captain!

Enter CHARLES slowly.

Cha.—*(Aside.)*—I have seen that the forest is surrounded. They must now fight with the courage of despair.—*(Aloud.)*—My friends, the decisive hour is arrived. We must conquer or die.

Schw. This sword shall rip up a few of them, by heavens. Lead on, captain. We'll follow you into the jaws of death.

Cha. Let every man load his fire-arms. We are not in want of ammunition, I hope?

Schw. Ammunition! We have enough to drive the earth to the moon.

Raz. Each of us is armed with five brace of pistols, and three carbines, all of which are loaded.

Cha. That is well. And now some of you must climb the trees, or hide yourselves in the thickets, in order to fire upon them before they can perceive you.

Schw. That station will suit you, Spiegelberg.

Cha. The rest will follow me, and fall like furies on their flank.

Schw. I'll belong to that division, captain.

Cha. Every man must blow his whistle, that our numbers may appear more formidable. All the dogs, too, must be let loose, and encouraged to attack the ranks, that, when separated and confused, they may rush upon our fire. Roller, Schweizer, and I, will lead the main division.

Enter Commissary.

Gri. Look, Captain. Here comes one of the bloodhounds of justice.

Schw. Down with him! Don't let him utter a word.

Cha. Silence! I will hear him.

Com. With your permission, gentlemen.—I am vested with authority by the tribunal of justice, and every hair of my head is guarded by eight hundred soldiers.

Schw. Comfortable tidings for us!

Cha. Peace, comrade. Be brief, Sir. What have you to say?

Com. I am a delegate of that august power, which decides on life and death. I shall address one word to you, and a couple to your band.

Cha. (*Leaning on his sword.*) Begin, then.

Com. Horrible murderer! Are not thy hands stained with the blood of a murdered count—a count of the holy Roman empire? Hast thou not dared, with sacrilegious arm, to break into the temple of the Lord, and bear away the consecrated vessels? Hast thou not hurled firebrands into our religious town, destroyed our church, and murdered many pious Christians? (*With uplifted hands.*) Oh, abominable act, the stench of which has mounted to the throne of the Most High, and may, perhaps, provoke him to destroy the world, and summon all into his heavenly presence.

Cha. Thus far you have conducted yourself in a masterly manner. But now, Sir, to the point. What information does this most august tribunal of justice send to me through you?

Com. It sends what thou never wilt deserve to receive. Look round thee, fell incendiary. On every side, far as thine eye can see, our cavalry is stationed. Escape is impossible. As surely as cherries grow upon these oaks, and peaches on these pines—so surely will you turn your backs on them in safety.

Cha. Do you hear this, comrades?—But proceed.

Com. Hear, then, how mercifully the tribunal proceeds. If thou wilt instantly surrender, own thy guilt, and sue for a mitigation of thy punishment, the rigour of the law will not be exercised against thee, but justice will become a loving mother. She will shut her eyes to half thy guilt, and only condemn thee to be broken on the wheel.

Schw. Captain! Let me cut his throat. By God, I should like to make his blood gush from every pore.

Rol. Captain! Hell, damnation, and the devil! Captain! How he bites his lip. Captain, let me split his skull, and manure the earth with his brains, if he has got any.

Cha. Hold! Let no one dare to touch him. (*To Commissary.*) Look you, Sir. Here stand seventy-nine men, whose

commander I am. Not one whom you behold is skilled in military tactics, or can dance to the music of artillery. Opposed to us are eight hundred soldiers, who have been regularly disciplined. Now attend to me. Thus speaks Moor, the Captain of these robbers: True it is, that I have murdered a count of the empire, that I have hurled fire-brands into your superstitious town, that I have caused the death of many pious Christians—but fancy not that this is all. (*Stretches forth his right hand.*) You see, that, on each finger of this hand, I wear a valuable ring. This ruby belonged to a prime minister, whom my sabre felled to the earth, when he and his prince were hunting. From the most abject situation he had raised himself to royal favour. His elevation was obtained by crimes innumerable, which weeping widows and forsaken orphans daily proved.—This diamond I drew from the finger of a state-treasurer, who disposed of offices and posts of honour to the highest bidder. This agate was the property of a monk, whom I strangled with my own hand, because he had lamented, in the pulpit, that the inquisition was no longer in repute. I could recite to you more anecdotes respecting these my rings, were I not already sorry to have thrown away so many words upon you.

Com. How can a villain be so proud?

Cha. As yet you have not heard me speak with pride—but now you shall, sir. Go, and report my words to that august tribunal, which decides on life and death according to its pleasure. I am not one of those mean thieves, who enter into compact with darkness, and creep into a dwelling under covert of the night. What I have done, I doubtless shall be doomed to read in the Eternal Judge's register, but on his miserable earthly representatives, I shall not waste another word.—Tell your employers, that retaliation is the trade I follow. Tell them, that vengeance is my occupation. (*Turns away with contempt.*)

Com. Thou dost refuse, then, all mercy and compassion.

—To thee, I shall say no more. (*Addresses himself to the band.*) Listen to me, all of you. I am authorized to state, that if you will instantly bind and deliver into my hands this abominable villain, your crimes shall no longer be remembered. The holy church will receive you as sheep, who had strayed from her flock, and the road to preferment shall be open to every one of you. Here is the general pardon, signed and sealed. (*Delivers it to Schweizer with a triumphant smile*) How does your majesty like this?—Bind him, and be free.

Cha. You hear his offer—why this appearance of surprise—this look of hesitation? He offers you liberty, and you are already prisoners. He offers you life, and you must feel he *can* do this, because you are already doomed to die. He assures you, that you may obtain honourable offices, and what can be the consequence of your refusal, but disgrace and infamy? He announces to you heaven's forgiveness, though you are already damned. There is not a hair upon your heads which will not blaze in hell's eternal fire.—Do you still hesitate? Is there a choice between celestial bliss and torture everlasting?—Aid my endeavours to persuade them, sir.

Com. (*Aside*) Some dæmon surely speaks through him. He makes me tremble.

Cha. How! Still no answer! Do you fancy that your arms and intrepidity can extricate you from your present situation?—Look round you—look on every side. The idea of escape is childish and absurd.—Or, do you flatter yourselves, that you will fall like heroes? What can induce you to think thus? *My* late delight in scenes of devastation? Oh, do not thus deceive yourselves.—Among you all there is not one like *Moor*. You are mere thieves—poor paltry tools, which I employ to execute my nobler projects—despicably mean as is the hangman's halter.—Thieves cannot fall like heroes. Thieves have a right to be afraid of death.—Hear you not how their trumpets echo through the forest? See you

not how their sabres glitter all around you? How! Still irresolute! Are you mad?—Think not that I am grateful for my life—I am indignant at the sacrifice you make. (*Trumpets are heard.*)

Com. (*Confounded by his dignity.*) Never did I see a man like this! I must away.

Cha. Or are you fearful that I shall destroy myself, and thereby counteract the pardon offered for delivering me alive?—Your fears are groundless. Here I throw away my dagger—my pistols—and my poison.—What! Still irresolute!—You, perhaps, imagine, I shall oppose the man who attempts to seize me.—See!—I bind my right hand to this branch of oak—now opposition is impossible. A child might overpower me.—Who will be the first to betray me?—Who will first forsake his captain in the hour of peril?

Rol. (*With frantic violence.*) Hell seize him, if there be one in our band! (*Brandishes his sword.*) Damn the villain, who refuses to defend our captain!

Schw. (*Tears the pardon, and throws it in the face of the Commissary.*) Take that, and begone, scoundrel—our pardon is our swords and fire-arms. Tell the senate which sent you, that you did not find one traitor in Moor's band.—Save the captain!

All. Save the captain! Save him! Save the captain!

Cha. (*Joyfully extricating himself from the tree.*) Comrades—friends—brothers! Now we are free. I feel a tenfold vigour nerve this arm. I could oppose a host.—Death, or liberty! They shall, at all events, not make us prisoners. Follow me. (*All draw their swords and exeunt. The charge is immediately sounded.*)

END OF ACT II.

ACT III.

SCENE, a Garden. AMELIA is discovered in a pensive attitude. Enter FRANCIS. Both are in deep mourning.

Fra. Do I find you here again, dear enthusiast? As soon as you stole away from table, my guests were no longer in spirits.

Ame. Shame on you for having guests!—Does not your father's funeral dirge still vibrate in your ears?

Fra. Why this incessant lamentation? Let the dead rest in peace, and make the living happy. I come——

Ame. And when will you go again?

Fra. Amelia, do not treat me with this cold disdain. I come to tell you——

Ame. That Francis Moor is lord of these domains.

Fra. Exactly. Maximilian reposes in the tomb of his forefathers, and I become the lord of these domains. Yet even these do not satisfy me, dear Amelia. You know, that you have always made my father's house your home. He loved you with a parent's tenderness. You will never forget that.

Ame. Never, never! How could I endeavour, by revelry and mirth, to banish from my mind the recollection of his goodness?

Fra. I admire your sentiments, Amelia. What you owed my father for his goodness, you have now an opportunity of paying to his son. Charles is dead, and Francis offers——(*Aside.*) By my soul, so flattering is the thought, it even is too much for woman's pride.—(*Aloud.*) Francis tramples on the hopes of many a noble family. Francis offers a forsaken orphan, his heart, his hand, his wealth; his

castle, his estates. Francis, whom all his neighbours fear and envy, declares himself Amelia's voluntary slave.

Ame. Why do not heaven's lightnings blast thee, whilst thou makest the declaration? Hast thou not been guilty of fratricide? Hast thou not robbed me of my Charles? And thinkest thou that Amelia will accept thy hand,—thou monster!

Fra. Be not so violent, most gracious princess. True it is, that Francis does not fawn and flatter like a cooing Celandon. True it is, he has not learnt, like the sighing shepherds of Arcadia, to complain of fair Amelia's cruelty to grottos and to rocks.—No. Francis speaks; and if he be not answered—he commands.

Ame. Vile reptile!—Thou command me! And if I scorn thy great commands?

Fra. That you will not. I know a most excellent receipt for conquering female pride and obstinacy—a cloister.

Ame. Welcome thought! In a cloister I shall not be gazed upon by thee, thou basilisk, but shall have leisure to reflect upon the virtues of my Charles!—Take me to a cloister instantly.

Fra. Ha! Is it so!—I thank you for having taught me the art of tormenting you.—Like a fury, will I drive the recollection of this Charles from your heart. My disgusting form shall lurk behind the image of your minion like the dragon which sleeps on subterraneous treasures. By the hair will I drag you to the altar,—with a dagger in my hand, will I force from your lips the nuptial vow.

Ame. (*Strikes him.*) Take this, then, as my dowry.

Fra. (*Enraged.*) Damnation!—I will think of tenfold vengeance.—Thou shalt not be my wife—no, that were too great an honour.—Thou shalt be my paramour, that every peasant's wife may point the finger of derision at thee.—Ay, gnash thy teeth—dart fire and murder from thine eyes. To me a woman's fury is a treat—it makes her lovelier—more

desirable.—Come.—Thy struggles shall enhance the value of my triumph, and sweeten the delight of forced embraces.—Come with me to the altar.—This instant thou shalt go.

(Dragging her away.)

Ame. (Falls on his neck.) Forgive me, Francis. *(As he is about to embrace her, she draws the sword from his side, and hastily steps back.)* See'st thou, villain, what I now can do? Thou art in my power. I am a woman—but a woman roused to fury.—Dare to approach me, and with this sword I'll stab thee to the heart. My uncle's spirit will direct my hand.—Instantly begone. *(Drives him away.)* Ha! —I breathe more freely. I feel myself endowed with strength and fury—such as animate the mettled steed and tiger.—To a cloister, said he? Thanks for the happy thought. There I shall find a safe retreat. A cloister is the right abode for hopeless love. [Exit.]

SCENE *changes to a hill near the Danube.* The ROBBERS *are stretched under various trees on the summit, while their horses are grazing on the side of the hill.*

Cha. Here I must rest a while. *(Throws himself on the earth.)* My sinews are unstrung—my tongue is dry as a potsherd. I would ask you to fetch me a little water from the neighbouring stream, but you are all as weary as myself. *(Exit Schw. unobserved.)*

Gri. We have swallowed all our wine, too.—How gloriously the sun sets to-night!

Cha. (Gazing at it.) Thus worthy of admiration dies a hero.

Gri. You seem deeply affected.

Cha. When I was a boy, my favourite thought was, that I would live and die like yonder glorious orb. *(Suppressing his emotion.)* It was a boyish thought.

Gri. True, captain.

Cha. (Draws his hat over his face.) There was a time — — Comrades, leave me to myself.

Gri. Captain! Captain!—Damnation! How his colour changes!

Raz. Death and the devil! What ails him?

Cha. There was a time, when I could not sleep if I had forgotten my evening-prayer.

Gri. Have you lost your senses? Who would be guided by the mere fancies of a boy?

Cha. (*Rests his head on Grimm's breast.*) Brother! Brother!

Gri. Come, come. Don't be a child, I beg.

Cha. Would that I were a child again!

Gri. Pshaw! Cheer up, man.—Look at this picturesque country, and enjoy the lovely evening.

Cha. Yes, friends—this world is so beautiful—

Gri. Right! Now, you talk properly.

Cha. This earth so admirable—

Gri. True. I like to hear you when you are in this humour.

Cha. And I so ugly in this beauteous world—I, a monster on this admirable earth. (*Sinking back.*) Lost, lost forever!

Gri. Pray do not talk thus.

Cha. My innocence! My innocence! See—every creature has stepped forth to enjoy the vivifying warmth of spring. Why must this heavenly scene be hell to me? Yet thus it is.—All on this earth are happy—all united by the mild spirit of concord—all one family—whose Father is above them—but he is not my Father—I, alone, am rejected—I, alone, am banished from the empire of the good. (*Wildly looking at the robbers.*) Surrounded by murderers—bound by adamantine chains to guilt and infamy.—

Raz. Unaccountable! I never saw him thus.

Cha. Oh, that I could return into my mother's womb! Oh, that I could be born a peasant! I would labour till the

blood rolled from my temples to buy the luxury of a noon-day's slumber—the rapture of one solitary tear.

Gri. (To the rest.) Don't disturb him. The paroxysm is already decreasing.

Cha. There was a time, when my tears flowed willingly.—Oh days of peace!—Thou castle of my fathers—and ye green delightful valleys, shall I no more behold you?—Oh beauteous groves, so oft enjoyed in childhood—will you not cool my burning bosom with your perfumed zephyrs? Mourn with me, nature. Never, never will those happy days return. Past, past—irrevocably past!

Enter SCHWEIZER, with water in his hat.

Schw. Drink, Captain. Here is water enough—and cold as ice.

Gri. Why, Schweizer, you are bleeding. What's the matter?

Schw. Nothing, man. To be sure, the joke might have cost me a limb or two. As I was running on the edge of the hill, which consists of nothing but sand, down sunk the whole mass, and away rolled I, full ten yards, to the bottom.—There I lay awhile; and as soon as I recovered my five senses, I found a clear spring close to me, among some gravel.—“Well,” thought I, “Fortune has not tried to break my neck for nothing. Here is some good fresh water for the captain.”

Cha. (Returns Schweizer's hat, and throws a few drops of water upon his face.) The dust and dirt have hidden the wounds on your forehead, which you received from the Bohemian cavalry.—The water was excellent, Schweizer.—Your scars become you.

Schw. Pshaw! There is room for thirty more.

Cha. Yes, comrades. The battle was bloody, though we only lost a single friend.—Roller died a noble death. Had he fallen in any other cause, a monument would have been

erected to his memory.—Let this suffice. (*Wipes a tear away.*) How many of our enemies were slain?

Schw. Sixty hussars, ninety-three dragoons, and about forty rifle-men—in all, two hundred.

Cha. Two hundred for one.—Every man of you has a claim upon this head. (*Takes off his hat.*) Here, in the presence of you all, I raise my dagger, and swear, by my soul, I never will forsake you.

Schw. Captain, don't swear. Should happier prospects open to you, perhaps you may repent.

Cha. By the ashes of Roller, I never will forsake you.

Enter KOSINSKI.

Kos. (*Aside.*) I was told that I should find him in this country.—Ha!—who are these fellows? Should they be—they are, they are.—I will address them.

Gri. Look—who comes here?

Kos. Pardon me, gentlemen. I know not whether I am right in my conjecture.

Cha. Who should we be, if you were right?

Kos. Men.

Schw. We have proved that, I think, captain.

Kos. I am in search of men, who can look unappalled at death, and sport with danger as with a tame dragon—men, who rate liberty at a far higher price than life—men, whose very names, while welcome to the oppressed and needy, make courage fly, and tyranny turn pale.

Schw. I like this fellow.—Friend, you have found the very people you are seeking.

Kos. I trust I have—and trust, too, I shall be soon allowed to call them comrades.—You, then, will doubtless tell me, where I can find your captain—the intrepid Moor.

Schw. (*Shaking hands with him.*) You and I are sworn friends.

Cha. (*Approaching.*) Do you know this Moor?

Kos. You are he.—In that mien—who could behold you without knowing you? (*Gazes at him for some time.*) Often have I wished to see the man, who sat with destruction-dealing look upon the ruins of Carthage.—Now I no longer wish to see him.

Schw. A noble lad, by my soul.

Cha. And what has brought you hither?

Kos. My more than cruel fate. Oh Captain, I have been wrecked on the tempestuous ocean of this world. I have been doomed to see my hopes destroyed, and nothing now remains but the torturing recollection of my loss, which, I feel, will rob me of my senses, if I do not try to dissipate all thought by action.

Cha. Another wretch, by heaven abandoned!—Proceed.

Kos. I entered early into the army—misfortune followed me.—I embarked for the East Indies—the vessel in which I sailed struck against a rock.—Various have been my projects, but all alike have failed.—At length, the fame of the great hero, Moor (the great incendiary some term him), reached my ears. I have travelled many miles with the fixed determination of serving under him, if he will accept my services.—Oh captain, do not refuse me.

Schw. (*Springs into the air.*) Huzza! Huzza! Another Roller!—A noble fellow for the band!

Cha. What is your name?

Kos. Kosinski.

Cha. Kosinski, thou art a thoughtless boy, and art about to take a most decisive step, without reflection. Here thou wilt find no tennis to amuse thee.

Kos. I understand what you mean to imply. I am only four and twenty years of age—but I have seen many a sword glitter before me, and have heard many a ball whiz round me.

Cha. Have you, then, learnt the use of arms, merely that you may assassinate a harmless traveller, for the sake of a

paltry dollar, or murder helpless women? Go, go. You have escaped from your nurse, because you saw the rod in her hand.

Schw. Captain, what in the devil's name do you mean? Would you dismiss such a fellow as this? Why, he is a perfect Hercules.

Cha. Because your airy schemes have failed, you wish to become a villain, an assassin. Boyish idea! Know you what it is to become an assassin? You may sleep soundly after beheading thistles, but, after committing murder—

Kos. I will be answerable for every murder which you direct me to commit.

Cha. How wondrous clever! Think you that a *man* is to be caught by flattery? How can you know whether I am not tormented by bad dreams, or whether I shall not turn pale with terror on the bed of death? How many things have you already done, for which you thought, while doing them, that you must one day be accountable?

Kos. But very few. I, however, reckon in the number, my journey in search of Moor.

Cha. Did your tutor ever put into your hands the adventures of Robin Hood? Such incautious blockheads should be chained to the galleys. They heat the imagination of the child, and tickle its vanity with the mad idea of renown. Is this your object, Kosinski? Wish you to purchase immortality by murdering your fellow-creatures? Believe me, ambitious youth, no laurel decks the assassin's brow—no triumph awaits the conquests of banditti—but execration, danger, death, and infamy. Do you see that gibbet on the hill?

Spi. (*Walking to and fro with a peevish look.*) How stupid! How unpardonably stupid! Is this the proper way to increase the band? I should have talked in another style.

Kos. What can he fear, who fears not death?

Cha. Excellent!—You have learnt Seneca by heart, I perceive. But be assured, young man, you will not alleviate the sufferings of nature—you will not blunt the arrow of anguish by these sententious arguments. Consider well, my son. (*Takes his hand.*) Think that you hear the counsel of a father. Learn the depth of the abyss, ere you spring into it. Reflect whether you have in this world any distant chance of comfort—for the moment may arrive when you awake, and find it is too late. By joining us, you at once bid adieu to all connection with mankind. To do this, you must be more than human, or—a demon. Once more, then, let me warn you, my son. If any spark of hope still glimmer in your breast, avoid the horrible confederacy you came to join in. You may have deceived yourself. You may mistake, for strength of mind, what will, in the end, drive you to despair. Believe what Moor says to you—and fly.

Kos. It cannot be. I will not leave you. Since my entreaties have not moved you, hear the true recital of my sorrows. You yourself will, then, place a poniard in my hand—you yourself will—Friends, seat yourselves around me, and listen attentively.

Cha. I will listen attentively.

Kos. Know, then, I am a Bohemian nobleman. By the early death of my father, I came into possession of a considerable manor. The country, in which I lived, was a Paradise—for it contained an angel. It contained a lovely girl, adorned with all the charms of blooming youth, and chaste as is the light of heaven. But to whom do I say this? Such descriptions suit not men who never loved, who never were beloved.

Schw. Look! our captain is as red as fire.

Cha. Hold, Kosinski! No more at present! I'll hear the rest to-morrow—soon—at another time—when I have seen blood.

Kos. Blood, say you? Nay, hear me now. Mine is a tale which calls for blood. She was not of noble extraction, but her look subdued all prejudice. With captivating bashfulness, she listened to my vows, and it was fixed that, in two days, I should lead my Amelia to the altar. (*Charles starts and rises.*) Amidst the bustle of preparations for our union—while I was anticipating the happiness which awaited me, I was summoned by an express to court.—I obeyed.—Letters, which teemed with treason, were produced, and I was accused of having written them. I blushed at the infamous charge. My sword was taken away—I was thrown into prison—my senses forsook me.

Schw. And in the mean time—go on. I smell a rat.

Kos. There I lay a month, and grieved for my Amelia, who would, I knew, feel pangs unutterable. At length the prime minister came to my dungeon, congratulated me on the discovery of my innocence, politely informed me I was at liberty, and returned my sword. Triumphant I flew to my castle, to my Amelia—as I hoped. She was gone. She had been borne away at midnight—no one knew by whom, or whither. Like lightning a suspicion darted through my brain. I flew to town—made enquiries at court. All rivetted their eyes upon me—but none would give me the wished-for information. At length I discovered my Amelia through a grated window of the palace—she threw me a note.

Schw. Ay, ay, I thought how it would be.

Kos. Hell and damnation!—She had been allowed to chuse whether she would see me die, or become the prince's mistress. A contest arose between her honour and affection. The latter conquered—and I was saved.

Schw. How did you act then.

Kos. After having read her letter, I stood rooted to the spot. Blood was my first—my last—my only thought. Foaming with fury, I ran home, chose a three-edged sword,

and flew to the minister's house—for he had been the infernal pander. I must have been previously observed from the windows, for I found all the apartments locked. I was informed that the minister was gone to the palace. I repaired thither—the attendants assured me they had not seen him. I returned—burst open the doors—found him—and was on the point of dispatching him, when five or six servants wrested the sword from my hand.

Schw. (Stamps with violence.) The devil seize him!—So he escaped?

Kos. I was again imprisoned—brought to trial—and sentenced—as a mark of peculiar lenity—to be banished from my native land for ever. My estates were given to the minister, my Amelia remained in the claws of the tiger, and now wastes her life in fruitless lamentation, while my revenge must bend to the iron yoke of despotism.

Schw. (Rises and draws his sword.) This is water for our mill. Captain! Here is employment for us.

Cha. (Who has been walking to and fro in violent agitation, turns hastily to the Robbers.) I must see her.—Rise!—Prepare for instant departure. Kosinski, your hand. You shall remain with us. Prepare for instant departure, I say.

Robbers. Captain, where—

Cha. Who dares to ask a question? *(With violence to Schweizer.)* Traitor, you wish to make me abandon my project, but by the hope of heaven—

Schw. I a traitor! Lead into hell, if you like, I'll follow you.

Cha. (Falls on his neck.) I believe you, brother. She wastes her life in lamentation. Follow me, all of you. We must reach Franconia in a week.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT IV.

SCENE, a Gallery. CHARLES and AMELIA are discovered—the former in disguise. Both are intently gazing at a portrait. The habit of a nun lies on the table.

Cha. (Deeply affected.) He was an excellent man.

Ame. The picture seems to interest you much, Count Brand.

Cha. (With his eye still rivetted upon it.) An excellent—a godlike man.—And he is dead?

Ame. Yes—he has past away like all the joys of life. (Gently taking his hand.) Count, there is no happiness in this world.

Cha. True—most true. Has sad experience taught you this? You cannot be much more than twenty years of age.

Ame. And yet have learnt that all who live must die in sorrow—that all who gain must feel the pang of losing.

Cha. (Keenly looking at her.) Have you lost any thing?

Ame. Any thing! Every thing.

Cha. And hope you to forget your loss, when clad in yonder sacred garment?

Ame. I do.—Shall we proceed, my Lord?

Cha. Why, in such haste?—Whose portrait is that on the right? He has an unfortunate countenance.

Ame. This on the left is the late Count's son—the present owner of the castle.

Cha. His only son!

Ame. Let us proceed, I beg.

Cha. But this picture on the right?

Ame. You will not accompany me into the garden?

Cha. With pleasure—but inform me first—How! You are in tears, Amelia. (*Exit Amelia hastily.*) She loves me still. The treacherous tears rolled down her cheeks. She loves me. That is the sofa upon which I oft have drank the nectar of her lips. This is the castle in which I was born. Wretched as I am, the golden recollection of those happy days I once enjoyed, still cheers my soul. Here should I have lived, an honour to my house—the admiration of my vassals—here should I a second time have felt the joys of childhood, while observing the offspring of my dear Amelia at their gambols—here should I—No more! No more! Let me return to that dread station which Fate has appointed me to fill.—Farewel, dear castle of my fathers. Thou didst witness my delight in earlier years—now witness my despair. (*Is going, but suddenly stops.*) Must I never see her more? Must I renounce all hopes of ever kissing those sweet lips? Must I depart without one last farewel?—No. Once more I will behold her—once more I will embrace her—that I may doubly feel my wretched fate in having lost her. Once more I'll quaff the sweet voluptuous poison—and then away, far as the winds of heaven, and all the demons of despair can drive me. [*Exit.*]

Enter FRANCIS, in deep meditation.

Fra. Begone from me, thou torturing image—Vile coward that I am! Of what or whom am I afraid? This count has been but a few hours in my castle—yet to me he seems a spy employed by hell to watch my every step. Surely I should know his features. There is a something great—something familiar to me in his wild and sun-burnt countenance, which makes me tremble. (*Rings.*) I must be on my guard. A plot is laid against me.

Enter DANIEL.

Dan. What are your lordship's commands?

Fra. (After having stedfastly gazed at him for some time.) Nothing.—But yes. Bring me a goblet of wine directly. [Exit Daniel.]

Who knows but this fellow will confess, if I use threats to force the secret from him? I'll rivet my eye so keenly on him, that his features shall become the mirror of his conscience. (Turns to the portrait of Charles.) That long scraggy neck—those thick black bushy eye-brows—those bold fiery eyes. (Suddenly starting back.) Ha! Does hell inspire me with the dread suspicion?—It is Charles.

Enter DANIEL, with wine.

Place it on that table.—Now look stedfastly at me—eye to eye.—How the fellow's knees totter!—Villain, confess. What hast thou done?

Dan. Nothing, my Lord, as I hope to be saved.

Fra. Drink this wine. How?—Dost thou hesitate.—Instantly confess what thou hast mixed with this wine.

Dan. Gracious God! Mixed with the wine!

Fra. Yes, wretch. Thou hast mingled poison with it. Art thou not as white as snow? Confess, I say. Who gave thee the poison? The count? Did not the count—

Dan. Good Heavens, my Lord—the count gave me nothing.

Fra. (Seizes him.) I'll strangle thee, greyheaded liar.—Nothing! Why, then, did I see him and Amelia and thee whispering together? Did I not see her, after all her modest vows, cast amorous glances at him? Did I not see her tears fall into the wine which he so eagerly swallowed? Yes—though it was behind me, by my soul I saw it in the mirror.

Dan. God knows I was quite ignorant of it.

Fra. What! Darest thou deny it? Darest thou tell thy master that he lies? What mode of dispatching me have you agreed upon? Do you mean to smother me at midnight—or to cut my throat—or to poison me—Out with the truth! I know all.

Dan. As I hope for God's assistance when I need it, all I have said is true.

Fra. This time I'll forgive you, Daniel. But no doubt he lined your purse—he pressed your hand more than is usual—as if you were an old acquaintance. Did he not, Daniel?

Dan. Never, my Lord.

Fra. He said, for example, that he had known you before—that you almost ought to know him—that the scales would soon fall from your eyes—that—yes, yes,—he said this, Daniel.

Dan. Not a word of it.

Fra. That he would be revenged—amply revenged.

Dan. Not a syllable of it, my Lord.

Fra. How!—Recollect yourself.—Surely you heard him say that he knew your old master very well—particularly well—that he loved him—loved him most sincerely—as sincerely as a son loves a father.

Dan. I recollect I did hear him say something of that kind.

Fra. (*Alarmed.*) Did you?—Did you, indeed? He said he was my brother—did he?

Dan. I never heard him say that. But while Miss Amelia was shewing him the pictures in the gallery, I observed him suddenly stop at the portrait of my late master. Miss Amelia pointed to it, and said, "An excellent man," which he repeated and wiped his eyes.

Fra. Enough! Run! Haste! Send Herman hither.

[*Exit Daniel.*]

All doubt is at an end. It is Charles. He is come to demand his estate. Have I, then, sacrificed my nightly rest—have I removed huge rocks, and levelled mountains, to be thus defeated? Have I rebelled against humanity, only to become the victim of an outcast? No, no. One way is always open to me. By murder I surely can escape. What a blockhead must he be, who, after having partly done his work, stands idly looking whether time will finish it.

Enter HERMAN.

Ha! Welcome, my Eurypylus—welcome, my trusty agent.

Her. (In a sullen tone.) You have sent for me.

Fra. True, Herman. I wish you to end what you have so ably begun.

Her. Indeed!

Fra. Shall I order the carriage? We can arrange the matter while we take an airing.

Her. No ceremony, if you please. The arrangements which we have to make to-day, can be as well fixed upon in this room as elsewhere. At all events, I can say a word or two which will spare your lungs some exertion.

Fra. (Alarmed.) What do you mean?

Her. That you promised me Amelia's hand.

Fra. Herman!

Her. Did you not tell me that she would become the play-thing of your will, and that, then, she should be mine?—*(In a tone of defiance.)* What have you now to say, Count Moor?

Fra. Nothing to you—I sent for Herman.

Her. No evasion. Why was I summoned? Again to be the fool I have been? Again to prop the ladder that the thief may mount?

Fra. (As if he had suddenly recollected something.) True.

We must not forget that. I wished to have some conversation with you respecting the dowry.

Her. This is mockery—or something worse. Moor, be careful—drive me not mad. We are without witnesses, Moor. Confide not in a villain, though you yourself have made him such.

Fra. (With a haughty mien.) Dare you conduct yourself thus towards your Lord? Tremble, slave.

Her. (Contemptuously.) At your displeasure, perhaps? What is your displeasure to a man, who is incensed at himself? I already detest you as a villain, Moor—do not make me deride you as a blockhead. I can open sepulchres—I can raise the dead. Which of us is now the slave?

Fra. (With great condescension.) Friend, act rationally—keep your promise.

Her. Peace! To act rationally, were to abhor thee, villain—to keep my promise were madness.—A promise made to whom?—To him by whom perfidy is practised as a virtue.—But patience, patience! Revenge is subtle.

Fra. Right! I am glad I recollect it. You lately lost a purse containing a hundred louis d'ors. I had almost forgotten the circumstance. Take back what is your own, good Herman. *(Gives him a purse.)*

Her. (Throws it contemptuously at the feet of Francis.) Damned be the vile Iscariot-bribe! Has hell employed thee to complete my ruin? You once imagined you had made my poverty the pander of my heart—but you are mistaken, Moor; grossly mistaken. The former purse of gold is useful—it supplies with food—a certain person.

Fra. (Alarmed.) Herman! Herman!—Do not make me fancy—If you have done any thing contrary to my will, you are a traitor to your master.

Her. (In a triumphant tone.) Indeed!—I rejoice to hear it. Mark me, then. I will soon prepare a banquet, at which your infamy shall be produced, and every nation of

the earth shall be invited to it. Do you comprehend this, mighty, revered, and gracious master?

Fra. Villain! traitor! devil! (*Strikes his forehead.*) Fool that I was, to place confidence in such a creature. (*Throws himself upon a couch.*)

Her. Ha! ha! ha!—Behold the cautious sly projector—foiled at his own weapons.

Fra. It is a truth, then, a confirmed truth, that no thread is so finely spun, so soon torn asunder, as the tie of guilt.

Her. Vastly fine!—Devils are beginning to moralize.

Fra. (*Suddenly rises, and addresses Herman with a malignant smile.*) The discovery will reflect great credit on yourself, no doubt?

Her. (*Claps his hands.*) Excellent! Inimitable! You act your part most admirably. First you drag the easy fool into the mire—then vent your rage against him, because he attempts to extricate himself. What a refinement of villainy! But, Count, (*Laying his hand on Francis's shoulder,*) you are not yet thoroughly acquainted with me. You have not yet learnt how far the loser of the game dare venture. What says the pirate in such a situation?—"Throw a match into the powder magazine, and blow friend as well as foe into the air."

Fra. (*Runs to the wall, and seizes a pistol.*) Treason!—I must be resolute.

Her. (*Draws a pistol from his pocket.*) Give yourself no trouble. I took care to be prepared before I came.

Fra. (*Throws the pistol away, and falls on the couch.*) Don't betray me, Herman, till I have reflected how to act.

Her. You mean till you have hired a dozen bravos, who will make me dumb for ever. But (*in a lower tone*) I have committed the secret to paper, and my heirs will read it.

[Exit.

Fra. Is this a dream?—Where was my courage?—where my presence of mind? Alas! even my own creatures betray me. The pillars of my fortune are decayed—the furious foe already falls upon me. I must instantly determine in what way it is best to act. How if I go in person, and stab him in the back.—A wounded man is a mere infant.—It is resolved. (*Is walking away with a firm step, but stops, as if overpowered by sudden debility.*) Who are these men behind me? (*Rolling his eyes with horrible wildness.*) I never saw their faces before—their looks are terrific.—Away! away!—Courage I certainly have—the courage of a—But if a mirror were to betray me—or my shadow—or the sound created by raising my arm to inflict the deadly blow? Huh!—My hair bristles towards heaven—my every limb quakes—(*A dagger falls from his breast.*) A coward I am not—perhaps I am too tender-hearted. Yes: these are the last struggles of departing virtue. I admire them. I should be a monster, were I to assassinate my brother. No, no, no. I will revere these relics of humanity. I will not murder. Thou hast conquered, Nature. I still feel something which is like affection.—He shall live. [*Exit.*]

SCENE changes to a Garden, in which an Arbour is seen.

Enter AMELIA.

Ame. “You are in tears Amelia.” And that he said with so much sympathy—Oh, I felt as if time had grown young again—as if the golden spring of love returned while he spoke. Methought I heard the nightingale—methought I smelt the perfume of the rose—methought I lay entranced upon his neck—all was the same as when my Charles was here—and, surely, if the spirits of the dead deign to revisit earth, it is my Charles.—Ha! false perfidious heart, how cunningly thou veil’st thy guilt. No, no. Away from my heart ye treacherous impious thoughts! In this bosom,

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where my Charles is buried, no other image ever shall reside.
—Yet, why do my thoughts so constantly, so irresistibly,
dwell upon this stranger? The image of my only love mixes
with his, until their features are united—and to think of one
must be to think of both. “ You are in tears, Amelia.”
—Ha!—I must begone. To-morrow I shall take the veil.
The veil! How sweet was that idea lately!—But now—
Oh my heart, how hast thou deceived me! Thou didst con-
vince me that what I felt was resolution. Liar that thou
wert—it was despair. (*Seats herself in the arbour, and hides
her face.*)

Enter HERMAN.

Her. (Aside.) I have plunged boldly in—now let the
storm rage on, even if the billows overwhelm me. (*Aloud.*)
Miss Amelia!

Ame. (Alarmed.) A spy! What do you want here?

Her. I bring you news, most pleasant, yet most horrible.
If you be disposed to pardon one who has injured you, pre-
pare yourself to hear most wondrous tidings.

Ame. I have no recollection for injuries—no ear for news.

Her. Do you not lament the death of a youth whom you
loved?

Ame. (Gazes at him.) Child of misfortune, what justifies
you in asking such a question?

Her. (Mournfully casting his eyes on the earth.) Hatred
and love.

Ame. Can any one love who inhabits this region.

Her. (Looking round.) Yes—too much—even to the per-
petration of villainy.—Did not your uncle lately die?

Ame. He was to me a father.

Her. The lover and the father are alive. (*Rushes away.*)

Ame. (Stands rooted to the spot—then wildly exclaims)
Charles alive! (*Is about to run after Herman.*)

Enter CHARLES.

Cha. Whither in such haste, lady?

Ame. (*Starts back with a frantic gesture.*) Gape beneath me, earth!

Cha. I come to take leave of you.—But——Heavens! In what extreme agitation do I find you!

Ame. Go, count——stay—Happy would it have been for me, had you never come!

Cha. Would that have made you happy? Farewell. (*Turns suddenly round and is going.*)

Ame. For heaven's sake stay. That was not my meaning. (*Wringing her hands.*) Yet—oh God, why was it not?—Count, what have I done, that you should make me criminal? How did I injure you by that affection which you have undermined?

Cha. You pierce to my very soul, lady.

Ame. My heart was pure till I saw you. Oh that my eyes had lost their faculty! They have corrupted my heart.

Cha. Say not so. Your eyes and heart are guiltless, I am sure.

Ame. His very look!—Count, I beseech you to avert those looks. They rouse rebellion. My treacherous fancy tells me every moment that I see himself.—Go, count—return in the hateful form of a crocodile, and you will be more welcome.

Cha. (*With a look of fervent affection.*) That is not true, Amelia.

Ame. (*With increasing tenderness.*) Should you deceive me, count—should you be trifling with this poor weak heart——But how can falsehood dwell in an eye, which beams with the expression of *his*?—Alas! Happy were it for me, should you be false—happy, should I be obliged to hate you——yet, oh, how wretched should I be, might I not love you. (*Charles presses her hand to his lips with rapture.*) Your kisses burn like fire.

Cha. My soul burns in them.

Ame. Go.—I may yet be saved.—The mind of man is firm.—Let your firmness save me. Go.—

Cha. It cannot be.—I see you tremble—and my firmness vanishes. Here I am fixed for ever. (*Hiding his face in her bosom.*) Here will I die.

Ame. (*Quite confounded.*) Away!—Leave me.—What have you done, Count?—Away with those lips! (*She struggles feebly against his violent caresses.*) An impious fire creeps through my veins. (*Weeping and in a tone of tenderness.*) Must you come from a distant country to destroy a passion, which had even defied the power of death? (*Clasps him with increasing fervour in her arms.*) God forgive you, Count!

Cha. (*Still embracing her.*) If such be the separation of the soul and body, how blissful, how rapturous must it be to die.

Ame. Here, where you now stand, has he stood a thousand times, and at his side, I, who, when at his side, forgot both heaven and earth. Here,—here his eye wandered over the lovely charms of nature—he seemed to feel how grateful was the sight, and she appeared to dress herself more gayly while her prince admired her. Here he would listen to the celestial music of the nightingale. Here he would pluck fresh roses for his loved Amelia. Here—here he pressed me to his heart, and glued his lips to mine. (*Charles, no longer able to control his passion, presses his lips to her's—she meets him with equal rapture, and they remain for some time lost in ecstasy—Amelia then sinks almost in a swoon, upon the seat of the arbour.*) Come, Charles, and be revenged. My oath is broken.

Cha. (*Steps from her with a frantic look.*) This must be some snare designed by hell for my destruction—I am so happy. (*Gazes at her.*)

Ame. (*Espies her ring, and hastily rises.*) What? Art thou still upon my finger—thou, that hast been a witness of

my perjury? Away! (*Gives the ring to Charles.*) Take it—take it, beloved seducer, and with it my soul's adored—my all—my Charles. (*Falls back.*)

Cha. (Becomes pale.) Almighty God, is this thy sovereign will?—It is the very ring I gave her as a pledge of my affection.—She has returned it.—Oh horrible!

Ame. (Alarmed.) Heavens! What is the matter? How wildly your eyes roll—and how pale are your lips!—Wretch that I am! Do you so soon repent the blissful crime?

Cha. (Suppressing his emotions.) Nothing—nothing. (*Raising his eyes.*) I am still a man. (*Draws his ring from his hand, and gives it to Amelia.*) Take this, sweet fury of my heart, and with it my soul's adored—my all—my Amelia.

Ame. (Springs from the seat.) Your Amelia!

Cha. (Mournfully.) Oh, she was a lovely girl, and faithful as an angel. When I left her, she gave me a ring, I her another, as pledges of our mutual faith. She heard that I was dead, and remained constant to the dead. She heard again, that I was living, and became faithless to the living. I flew into her arms—my transports equalled heavenly bliss. Think what my heart was doomed to feel. She returned to me my ring—I her's to her.

Ame. (Looks with amazement on the earth.) Strange! Dreadfully strange!

Cha. True, my good child.—Man has much, very much to learn, ere he can dive into the great decrees of that Being, who laughs at his vows, and weeps over his projects.—My Amelia is an unfortunate girl.

Ame. She is—because she rejected you.

Cha. She is—because she loves me. How, if I were an assassin? How if, for every kiss bestowed by her, I could recount a murder?—Would not my Amelia, then, be unfortunate?

Ame. She would, but what you mention is impossible. He, whom you resemble, could not bear to see a fly suffer.

Cha. What I have said, is true. There is a world, in which the veil will be removed entirely, and those who loved will meet again—with horror. Eternity is its name. Yes. My Amelia is unfortunate, for when she thought she clasped an angel in her arms, she held—a murderer.

Ame. (*Overpowered with anguish.*) Horrible!—I will weep for your sad fate.

Cha. (*Takes her hand, and holds the ring before her eyes.*) Weep for your own. [*Exit instantly.*]

Ame. (*Recognizes the ring.*) Charles! Charles! O heaven and earth! *Swoons.*)

SCENE changes to a forest, in which the ruins of a tower are discernible. The moon shines bright, and the ROBBERS are stretched on the earth. SPIEGELBERG and RAZMAN advance from the rest.

Raz. It is almost midnight, and our captain is not yet arrived.

Spi. A word in confidence, Razman. Captain, said you? Who made him our captain? Did he not usurp the title, when it justly belonged to *me*? What! Are we to expose our lives, and buffet all the storms of Fate, merely that we may be called the slaves of Moor,—slaves, when we might be princes? By God, Razman, I'll bear it no longer.

Raz. Hell and damnation—nor I. But what can we do?

Spi. Can you ask that, who have dispatched many a fine fellow? Razman, if you be the man I think you—he is missing—some begin to think him lost—Razman, his hour is come.—How! Don't you spring into the air at the idea of being free? Why, you surely don't understand me.

Raz. The idea is tempting, I must own.

Spi. Right! Follow me then. I observed the road he took. Come. A brace of pistols seldom fail, and then—

Schw. (*Springs up.*) Villain, I have overheard you. I remember how you behaved in the forests of Bohemia. Like a coward you began to skulk, when the enemy approached. At that time I swore by my soul—Down to hell, assassin! (*Both draw and begin to fight.*)

Robbers. (*Rising in confusion.*) Murder! Murder!—Schweizer!—Spiegelberg!—Tear them asunder.

Schw. (*Stabs Spiegelberg.*) There lie and rot.—Be quiet, comrades.—Don't let this poltroon disturb you. The scoundrel always hated the captain, and has not one scar upon his whole body.—He wanted to lie in ambush—to murder unseen.—Have we toiled thus long, to be sent out of the world in that way? Have we passed our lives amidst fire and smoke, to be caught, like rats, in a trap?

Gri. But, damn it—the captain will be in a terrible fury.

Schw. Let me settle that. Schusterle acted in the same way, and now he is gibbeted, as the captain prophesied. (*A shot is heard.*)

Gri. Hark! A shot! (*A second is heard.*) Another! Huzza! It is the captain.

Kos. Patience! He must fire a third. (*A third shot is heard.*)

Gri. It is the captain.—Conceal yourself, Schweizer, till we have explained to him—

Enter CHARLES.

Schw. (*Meets him.*) You are welcome, captain.—I have been somewhat rash since you left us. (*Leads him to the dead body.*) You shall decide between this man and me. He wished to waylay and murder you.

Cha. (*After a pause, during which his eyes have been fixed upon the corpse.*) Wonderful and incomprehensible are thy ways, O God of vengeance.—Was it not this man, who sung the syren song, which made me what I am?—Conse-

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crate the sword by which he fell, to the avenger.—Schweizer, this was not done by you.

Schw. By my soul it was, and the devil take me, if I think it the worst thing I ever did. (*Throws the sword upon the body with a look of dissatisfaction.*)

Cha. (*In deep meditation.*) I understand thee—heavenly Judge—I understand thee.—The leaves fall from the branches.—The autumn of my life is come.—Remove this body from my sight. (*He is obeyed.*)

Gri. Now, captain, give us orders. What shall we do next?

Cha. Soon—soon all will be accomplished—Since I left you I have lost myself. Sound your horns. I must recal former days to my mind, and gather strength from the remembrance.

Kos. It is midnight, captain, and three days have elapsed since we closed our eyes. Sleep hangs heavy on them.

Cha. Can, then, assassins taste the balm of soft repose? Why am I not allowed to sleep? Sound your horns, I say. I must hear warlike music, that my torpid spirit may awake.—(*The Robbers play a march, while Charles walks to and fro with a gloomy mien. At length he suddenly interrupts them.*) No more!—Good night. In the morning I shall issue my commands.

Robbers. (*Stretch themselves on the earth.*) Good night, captain. (*They sleep.*)

Cha. Good night—for ever. It is a night, to which no morning will succeed.—Ye spirits numberless of those, whom I have murdered, think you that I shall tremble? Never, never. Your fearful dying groans, your black and strangled features, your horrid gaping wounds are but links of an indissoluble chain, by which Almighty Fate has bound me. My nurse's humours may have caused them, my father's temper, or my mother's blood. Why has no Perillus made a bull of me, and fed me with the flesh of man. (*Raises*

a pistol to his head.) Time and eternity embrace each other over this little weapon. Dread key, which locks behind me the prison of life and opens the abode of everlasting freedom! Tell me, oh tell me whither thou wilt lead me.—To some strange land, which no one ever circumnavigated. Human nature shudders at the awful thought, while busy fancy introduces unknown phantoms, and appals, still more, the shrinking soul.—Away with these ideas! Man must not hesitate. Be what thou may'st, thou world without a name. Moor shall still be faithful to himself. Be what thou wilt if I but take my soul. The external form is but the colour which the fancy paints. I myself am my heaven or my hell.—*(Looking towards the horizon.)* Wert thou disposed, Creator of the world, to place me in some blasted region, which thou hadst banished from thy sight, where darkness, solitude, and dreary desolation were my only prospects—my visionary brain would people the expanse.—But such is not thy will.—Perhaps, after having led me, step by step, through scenes of misery and horror, thou wilt, at last, annihilate me.—May I not be able to break the thread of the next life as easily as I shall do it now?—At all events it is a liberty, of which I cannot be deprived in this world. *(Again raises the pistol.)*—But hold! Am I not about to die from the mere dread of living here in agony?—Cowardly deed! Shall it be said, that Moor was conquered by misfortune?—No. I will brave the malice of fate. *(Throws the pistol away.)* My pride shall triumph over every difficulty. *(The darkness increases and a distant clock strikes twelve.)*

Enter HERMAN.

Her. Hark! How the nightcrows shriek!—The village clock has just struck twelve. All are asleep but those who feel the pangs of a bad conscience, and those who brood revenge. *(Knocks at the tower.)* Rise, man of misery. I have brought your meal.

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Cha. (Starts.) What means this?

A voice from the tower. Who knocks? Is it you, Her-
man? Is it my raven?

Her. It is.—Climb to the grate and eat.—What a dread-
ful noise the owlets make!—Old man,—you like your food,
I hope.

Voice. It is most welcome, Herman—I was very hungry.
Oh thou, who sendest my raven, accept my thanks for this
food in the wilderness.—

Her. Silence! Hark!—I hear a noise.—The wind whistles
through the chinks of the tower, and makes my teeth chat-
ter.—Hark! again I heard a noise. I could fancy some one
was asleep and snoring.—You have company, old man.
Hush!

Voice. Do you see any one?

Her. Farewel! Farewel!—I must be gone.—Descend in-
to the dungeon again. Your deliverer—your avenger is
near. (*Going.*)

Cha. Hold!

Her. Who's there?

Cha. Hold! Answer me. Who art thou? For what
purpose camest thou hither? Speak.

Her. (Aside.) One of his spies, no doubt. It matters
not. Fear is become a stranger to me. (*Draws his sword.*)
Villain, defend thyself. Thou hast a man before thee.

*Cha. (Strikes Herman's sword, which flies from his
grasp.)* I will have an answer. Of what avail is this sword-
play?—Thou didst speak of vengeance—Vengeance is my
occupation—mine alone of all who dwell on earth.—What
mortal dares to interfere with my vocation?

Her. (Starts back.) By heaven, he was not born of wo-
man. His blow was like the stroke of death.

Voice. Herman, to whom are you speaking?

Cha. There is some one in the tower. A dreadful mys-

tery lurks here. (*Rushes to the tower.*) This sword shall unravel it.

Her. (*Approaches, trembling.*) Terrible stranger, art thou the demon of this forest, or one of those dread spirits who wander through the lower world observing every midnight act? If the latter, oh welcome to this dungeon.

Cha. Thou art right. I am the angel of desolation, but I am, nevertheless, flesh and blood like thyself. If some prisoner be confined here by the power of man, I will release him. Where is the door?

Her. Belzebub would as easily burst open the portal of heaven as you this. The villain's cunning is superior to a mortal's strength.

Cha. But not superior to a robber's cunning. (*Draws forth a bunch of keys.*) I thank thee, heaven, for having placed me at the head of robbers. These keys deride the power of hell. (*Opens the door. An old man steps forth, pale and horribly emaciated. Charles starts back.*) My father!—Dreadful phantom!

Count. Oh God, accept my thanks. The hour of deliverance is arrived.

Cha. Shade of the venerable Moor, what has disturbed thee in thy tomb? Hast thou taken with thee to the other world some crime, which bars thy passage through the gates of Paradise? I will pray, I will order masses to be read that thy wandering spirit may be sent to its abode. Hast thou buried the gold of widows and of orphans, and art doomed to wander here at midnight? I will tear the subterraneous treasures from the dragons which defend it, even if they vomit the flames of hell at me. Or comest thou to reveal to me the secrets of eternity? Speak, oh speak. My colour will not change with fear.

Cou. I am not a spirit.—Touch me. Thou perceivest I live—and wretchedly I live.

Cha. What! Wert thou not buried?

Cou. Alas, no. A dog was buried in the vault of my forefathers, and I, for three long months, have languished in this gloomy tower, where no sunbeam ever shines, no wholesome breath of air can penetrate—where my companions are the croaking raven and the shrieking bird of night.

Cha. Heaven and earth! Who did this?

Her. A son.

Cou. Oh, do not, do not curse him.

Cha. A son! (*Furiously rushing towards Herman.*) Liar! Villain!—A son! Repeat that word and ten times will I plunge my sword into thy slanderous throat. A son!

Her. Yes—if it rouse all hell—I say *his son*.

Cha. (*As if petrified.*) Oh eternal chaos!

Cou. If you be a man, if you possess a human heart, listen to me, mighty and unknown deliverer. Listen to the sorrows and the sufferings which my sons have heaped upon their father.—For three sad dreary months I have uttered my complaints to these deaf walls, and none but echo answered to my groans. If, therefore, you be a man—if you possess a human heart, oh listen to me.

Cha. Wolves would be tame, when thus conjured.

Cou. I lay upon the bed of sickness, and scarcely had regained a portion of my former strength, when a man appeared, who told me that my first-born son had fallen in the field of battle, and at the hour of death declared his father's curse had driven him to despair.

Her. It was false. I was the villain, who pretended to have witnessed it. Bribed by the gold and promises of Francis, I became the messenger, whose tidings were to hinder all enquiries after Charles, and, if possible, to end your days.

Cou. You! You! Gracious God! I was deceived, then?

Cha. (*Turns away in the greatest agitation.*) How dreadfully the day begins to dawn!

Her. Tread on me—crush me like a poisonous adder.—I consented to destroy you—I intercepted all letters from your Charles—destroyed those written to him by yourself, and substituted others couched in the language of hatred and resentment. Thus were you imposed upon—thus was your eldest son banished from your heart.

Cha. (*In a tone of dreadful anguish.*) And hence that son became a robber and a murderer. (*Strikes his breast and forehead.*) Fool! Blockhead! Dolt!—A villain's arts have made thee a thief and an incendiary. (*Walks to and fro with looks of horror and distraction.*)

Cou. Francis! Francis!—But I will not curse him.—To be thus deceived!—Blind dotard that I was!

Cha. (*Suddenly stops.*) While my father was confined in this tower—(*Suppressing his emotion.*) I have no right to complain.—(*Turns to the Count, and endeavours to appear composed.*) Proceed.

Cou. When this intelligence was brought, I swooned. Doubtless I was supposed to be dead, for when my senses returned, I found myself upon a bier, clad in a shroud. I knocked at the top of the coffin—which was opened. It was midnight, and my son Francis stood before me. “What!” cried he, with a voice of thunder, “will you live for ever?” and instantly again shut the coffin. These words overpowered me. When I awoke, I felt the coffin raised and carried away. At length it was opened, and I found myself at the entrance of this tower. At my side stood Francis and the man, who had brought me my Charles's bloody sword.—I embraced my son's knees—prayed—entreated—conjured him—in vain. His flinty heart was dead to pity. “Down with the dotard!” roared he, “I have been plagued with him too long”—upon which I was cast into the dungeon, and my son Francis locked the door.

Cha. It is not possible. You must be mistaken.

Cou. Oh that I were! Hear the sequel of my story, but be not incensed. Thus I lay full twenty hours in dreadful solicitude. No mortal ever ventures hither, for it is universally believed that the spirits of my ancestors wander at midnight through these ruins, rattling their chains, and chaunting songs of death. At length I again heard the door open. This man appeared. He brought me bread and water; told me that I was doomed to die by hunger, and added that his life was in danger, should it be discovered that he supplied me with food. Thus has my life been preserved, but my remnant of strength was unable to oppose the chilling blast—the fetid air—the unutterable anguish of my mind. A thousand times have I prayed that I might be allowed to die; but doubtless the measure of my punishment was not filled—or some happiness awaits me ere I quit this world—else, why is my life thus miraculously prolonged?—But it is just that I should suffer. My Charles! My Charles!

Cha. Enough! (*To the Robbers.*) Rise! Ye logs—ye idle, senseless lumps of clay! Rise, I say. Will none of you awake? (*Fires a pistol over them.*)

Rob. (*Starting from their sleep.*) Holla! What now? What's the matter?

Cha. Could not this horrid story wake you from your slumbers? Methinks it might have roused the dead. Look here! Look here! The laws of this world are become a game at dice. The bands of nature have been rent asunder. Discord is let loose, and stalks triumphant. A son has slain his father.

Rob. What says the captain?

Cha. Slain! No. That is too mild a term. A son has butchered, racked, flead his father. Where shall I find words? He has committed a crime, at which even the cannibal would shudder—a crime, of which no devil would have thought. In this tower has a son confined his own father.

Oh see, see—he faints. In this tower—cold—naked—hungry—thirsty—oh see, see—this is the father—this is my father.

Rob. (Rush forward and surround the old man.) Your father! Your father!

Schw. (Approaches with reverence, and kneels.) Father of my captain, let me kiss thy feet. My dagger is ready to avenge thy wrongs.

Cha. Ay—horribly, most horribly shalt thou be avenged, much injured venerable man. Thus I destroy for ever the tie of fraternity. *(Tears his coat from top to bottom.)* Thus in the face of heaven I curse each drop of blood, which flows in the veins of him, who was my brother. Hear me, oh moon and stars! Hear me, ye spirits of the night, who witnessed the abominable act! Hear me, terrific judge, whose lightnings pierce through darkness to avenge the injured—thus I kneel before thee—prostrate I raise my arm towards thy throne, and swear—May Nature drive me like a hideous monster from her boundaries, if I greet the light of day until my sword has drank the heart's blood of this fell parricide—until the purple current stains the earth, and spreads its noisome vapours through the air. *(Rises.)*

Rob. Glorious! Glorious! Who can call us villains, now? By all the fiends of hell, we never yet have been so well employed.

Cha. True—and by the dreadful groans of those, whom we have murdered—of those who were devoured by fire, or crushed beneath the tower at Leipzig—no thought of rapine shall find place in our minds, till each of us has dyed his garment purple in the blood of the foul villain. You never dreamt that it would be your lot to execute the great decrees of heaven. The clue of destiny, so long confused, is now unravelled. This day does an invisible power dignify our occupation. Offer up your prayers and thanks to Him, who

has exalted you to this honourable rank ; who has deigned to appoint you the dreadful agents of his dark decrees. Bare your heads—prostrate yourselves in the dust—and rise hal-
lowed men. (*They kneel.*)

Schw. Now, Captain, issue your commands. We are ready.

Cha. Rise, Schweitzer, and touch these sacred locks. (*Leads him to the Count, and places a lock of hair in his hand.*) You recollect, that once, when overpowered and breathless, I had sunk upon my knee, you cleft the skull of a Bohemian, who had already raised his sword to slay me. At that time I promised you a royal recompence, but have never been able to discharge the obligation.

Schw. You made this promise, I allow, but let me for ever be your creditor.

Cha. No, Schweitzer—to-day I have it in my power to pay the debt. No mortal ever was so highly honoured. I appoint thee the avenger of my father's wrongs.

Schw. (*Rises.*) Great captain, you have to-day made me for the first time proud. Command me. How, where, and when shall I make the attack ?

Cha. The moments are precious. You must depart instantly. Select from the band as many as you please, and proceed to the villain's castle. Drag him from his bed, though he be asleep, or in the arms of a wanton. Seize him at the banquet—tear him from the crucifix. But mark my words, and let them not escape your memory at the decisive moment. He must be delivered to me alive. Should any one attempt to wound him, or to hurt a hair of his head, that man shall perish by this arm. I'll tear him piecemeal, and feed the hungry vultures with his carcase. I must have him whole and uninjured. If you bring him thus, your recompence shall be a million. I'll plunder some monarch, at the

peril of my life, in order to obtain it. If you have understood me, go.

Schw. Enough, Captain! There is my hand. You shall see both of us or neither. Follow me, comrades.

[Exeunt Schweitzer, Herman and several Robbers.]

Cha. *(To the rest.)* Disperse yourselves in the forest, I shall stay here.

END OF ACT IV.



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ACT V.

SCENE, *a gallery in which are seen doors to various apartments.* FRANCIS *rushes from one of them.*

Fra. Betrayed! Betrayed! A thousand spirits have started from their graves. All the empire of death is in motion, and on every side my ear is tortured with the name of murderer. Ha! Who moves there?

Enter DANIEL.

Dan. Heaven have mercy on us! Is it you, my Lord, whose shrieks echo through the gallery, and rouse all who sleep?

Fra. Sleep! Who permitted you to sleep? Let every one instantly arise—let every one clothe himself in armour, and load his musket.—Didst thou not see them flit along the corridors?

Dan. Whom, my Lord?

Fra. Whom! blockhead! whom! Canst thou thus coldly ask me whom?—Oh, the sight thrilled through my very marrow. Spirits of the damned!—What is the hour of night?

Dan. The watchman has just called two.

Fra. Two! Will this night, then, extend to the day of judgment. Did you hear no noise in the neighbourhood—no shout of triumph—no galloping of horses? Where is Charles—the Count I mean?

Dan. I do not know, my Lord.

Fra. Not know! Thou art in the plot, then. I'll tear thy entrails piecemeal, villain. What! have my dependents too—have even beggars conspired against me? Heaven—hell—every thing conspires against me.

Dan. Count Moor!

Fra. No. I will not tremble. It was but a dream. The dead cannot awake from their eternal sleep. Who says that I tremble and am pale?—I feel easy and well.

Dan. You are pale as death—your voice falters, my lord.

Fra. Yes—I am somewhat feverish—my surgeon shall bleed me in the morning.

Dan. Oh, you are very ill—

Fra. True—I am ill.—My disorder affects my brain, and is the cause of these terrific dreams; but dreams mean nothing, Daniel, dreams mean nothing.—I had a merry dream just now. (*Faints.*)

Dan. Gracious God! What can this mean? George! Conrad! Bastion! Martin! Rouse yourself, my lord. (*Shakes him.*) I shall be suspected of having murdered him. God have mercy on me!

Fra. Away! away! Why dost thou shake me thus, vile ghastly spectre?—The dead cannot awake from—

Dan. Merciful heaven! He knows not what he says.

Fra. (*Raises himself slowly.*) Where am I? You here, Daniel! What did I say, just now?—Pay no regard to it—for it was false, be it what it might.—Come hither. Raise me. It was only a kind of fit, in consequence of wanting rest.

Dan. I'll call your surgeon, my lord.

Fra. Hold! Seat yourself at my side, upon this sofa.—You are a sensible, a worthy man. Listen to me.

Dan. Another time, my lord. Let me lead you to bed. Repose is necessary.

Fra. No. Listen to me, Daniel, and laugh at me. Me-

thought I had been feasting at a splendid banquet. My heart was elated, and I lay stretched on the platform, with sensations the most pleasing, when suddenly—suddenly—but laugh at me, I charge you.

Dan. Proceed, my lord.

Fra. Suddenly my ear was assailed by a tremendous peal of thunder. I started up, and saw the whole horizon wrapped in flames. Mountains, cities, and forests, melted like wax in a furnace, while a terrific hurricane swept before it the ocean, the heavens, and the earth.

Dan. Horrible ! It is the description of the last day.

Fra. Pshaw ! nonsense !—Then a person stepped forth with scales in his hand, which he held between east and west, and said : “ Approach, ye children of dust. I weigh the thoughts of man.”

Dan. God have mercy on me !

Fra. All turned pale. Fearful expectation beat in every breast.—My name was first heard. The sound issued from the bowels of the mountain. My blood congealed with terror—my teeth chattered—my knees smote each other.

Dan. Oh ! God forgive you !

Fra. That did he not. An old man appeared, pale—emaciated—bent towards the earth, by sorrows and distress. Raging hunger had compelled him to eat his own arm. At his approach all shuddered, and turned away. I knew the man. He cut a lock from his hoary head, and threw it towards me. Instantly a voice thundered through the smoke : “ Mercy, mercy to all the sinners upon earth. Thou alone art rejected.”—(*A long pause.*) Now, why do you not laugh ?

Dan. Can I be expected to laugh, when my flesh creeps ? Dreams are sent by heaven.

Fra. Pshaw, pshaw ! Talk not thus. Call me a fool, a blockhead—call me any thing, dear Daniel—laugh at me—I beseech you, laugh at me.

Dan. Dreams are sent by heaven. I will pray for you.

[*Exit.*]

Fra. Mean, vulgar prejudice and superstition!—It has never yet been proved that any eye, above this earth, observes what passes on it. What makes me just now think of this subject?—Is there an avenging judge above the stars? Alas, I fear there is. Dreadful, horrible idea!—To appear this very night before the avenging judge—No, no, no.—Solitude and silence reign beyond this world. It must not, shall not, be otherwise.—Yet should it, notwithstanding.— — Why do I tremble thus?—To die!—Why am I alarmed at this idea? — — Oh should I be obliged to give account of all my actions—and should my judge be just— —

Enter a Servant, hastily.

Ser. My lord, Amelia has escaped, and the count has suddenly disappeared.

Enter DANIEL, much alarmed.

Dan. Count Moor, a troop of horsemen has this instant galloped into the court. The whole village is in motion.

Fra. Ring the alarm-bell. Let every one hasten to the chapel, and pray for me. I will release all the prisoners. Threefold I will repay what I have taken from the helpless. Go—call my confessor, that he may give me absolution.—Go, I say. (*The tumult becomes more audible.*)

Dan. God forgive me my sins! May I believe what I hear? You who always ridiculed religion.

Fra. No more.—Death, Daniel, death — — It is too late. (*Schweitzer is heard without.*) Pray for me! Oh pray for me.

Dan. Yes, I always told you that when the fatal day arrived—

Schw. (Without.) Down with them! Burst the gates open. I see a light. He must be there.

Fra. (Kneels.) Hear my prayer, Almighty God. It is the first I ever uttered. Hear me, Almighty God!

Schw. (Still in the court.) Drive them back, comrades. Back, you damned dogs. I am the devil, and am come for your master. Where is the black fellow and his troop? Grimm, station your men at distances from each other round the castle. Storm the ramparts to the east.

Gri. Hurl the fire-brands. The scoundrel will appear when he smells the flames.

Fra. (Prays.) Oh Lord God! I have not been a common murderer—I have not been guilty of any trifling crimes.

Dan. God have mercy on us! Even his prayers are crimes. *(Firebrands and stones are thrown into the castle.)*

Fra. I cannot pray.—Here—here—*(Striking his breast and forehead)* all is so dreary. *(Rises.)* No.—I will not pray.

Dan. Jesus Maria! Help! Help! The whole castle is in flames.

Fra. Daniel—obey me—take this sword, and plunge it to my heart, that I may not be made the sport of these vile rascals. *(The fire spreads on all sides.)*

Dan. Heaven forbid! I should not like to send any one too soon to heaven—far less to— *[Runs out.]*

Fra. (After a pause during which he has followed Daniel with a look of horror and despair) To Hell, thou wouldst have said—and rightly wouldst have said.—Is this the triumphant tumult of the demons who await me?—Hark!—They approach—they have entered the castle.—Why does this murderous weapon make me tremble?—Ha! The gates are broken.—Escape is impossible. Welcome, Hell, *(Springs into the flames.)*

SCENE the forest and tower as at the end of the fourth act.

The COUNT is discovered sitting upon a stone. CHARLES stands near him. Several Robbers are seen at a distance in the Forest.

Cha. And you loved this other son ?

Cou. Heaven knows how sincerely. Oh, why did I listen to the falshoods of that monster Francis ? I was once an enviable parent—blessed with most hopeful children—but oh, in an unlucky hour, that demon Envy entered into the breast of my younger son. I listened to the serpent, and lost both my children. (*Hides his face—Charles walks from him.*)—Deeply do I feel the truth of thy words, dear Amelia. The spirit of vengeance spoke from thy lips. Alas, yes. In vain do I stretch forth my arms to embrace my son. In vain do I wish to grasp the warm hand of my Charles. (*Charles presents his hand, with averted countenance.*) Oh that this were his hand ! But he is dead—buried far from his native home—he can never hear his father's lamentations.—Wretch that I am !—I have no son to close my eyes. I must die in the arms of a stranger.

Cha. (*In most violent agitation.*) It must be so. The decisive moment is arrived. (*To the Robbers.*) Leave me.—And yet—can I restore to him his son ?—Alas, no.

Cou. Why do you mutter thus, my generous friend ?

Cha. Your son—yes, old man—your son is—lost for ever.

Cou. True, true.

Cha. (*Raising his eyes towards heaven.*) Support my sinking soul.—Grant me but fortitude to bear this trial.—(*Aloud.*) Yes, your son is lost for ever.

Cou. Stranger, stranger, did you release me from the tower only to remind me of my sorrows ?

Cha. (*Aside.*) How, if I were to snatch his blessing—to steal it, like a thief, and escape with the precious prize. (*Sinks*

on his knee at the feet of the Count.) 'Twas I, who liberated thee, venerable man, I crave thy blessing.

Cou. (*Presses him to his heart.*) Think that a father blesses thee—and I will think I bless my Charles.—Thou, too, canst weep, I see.

Cha. (*In great emotion.*) Yes, I will think it is a father's blessing. (*Hangs on the Count's neck. A pause ensues. At length a confused noise is heard, and torches are seen at a distance. Charles starts from the Count's arms.*) Hark! Vengeance calls to me. They come. (*Gazes awhile at the old man—then looks towards the approaching Robbers with grim ferocity.*) In flame me, suffering lamb, with the murderous fury of the tiger. I will offer a sacrifice to thee, which shall make the stars grow dim, and petrify all animated nature. (*The torches become more visible—the noise more audible. Several pistols are fired.*)

Cou. Merciful heaven! What means this dreadful noise? Are my son's creatures coming to drag me to the scaffold?

Cha. (*Folding his hands with fervour.*) Listen, oh heavenly Judge, listen to the prayer of an assassin. Make this wretch immortal. Let not the first stroke of this sword destroy him. No. Let me enjoy his lengthened agonies. Let me feast on the convulsions of his tortured frame.

Cou. What are you muttering, stranger?

Cha. I am praying. (*The wild noise of the approaching Robbers is heard.*)

Cou. Oh think of Francis in your prayers.

Cha. (*Suppressing his fury.*) Be assured I do.

Cou. But is that the tone of supplication? Cease, cease. I shudder at such prayers.

Enter SCHWEITZER, and other Robbers, conducting FRANCIS, who is in irons.

Schw. Triumph, Captain! I have fulfilled my vow.—Here is the villain.

Gri. We snatched him from the flames.

Kos. And reduced his castle to ashes.

Cha. (*After a dreadful pause, approaches Francis.*) Dost thou know me? (*Francis rivets his eyes on the earth, and returns no answer. Charles leads him to the Count.*) Dost thou know this man?

Fra. (*Starts back, with a look of horror.*) Lightnings blast me! 'Tis my father.

Cou. (*Turns away.*) Go.—God forgive thee! I will forget all.

Cha. (*With terrific sternness.*) And may my curse hang to that prayer like tons of lead, that it may never reach the ear of Mercy.—Dost thou know this tower, too?

Fra. (*With violence to Herman.*) Monster! Has thy hatred to our race pursued my father even to this tower.

Her. Bravo! Bravo! The devil is not so wicked as to let his friends perish for want of a lie.

Cha. Enough! Conduct this old man further into the forest. That which must now be done, shall not be interrupted by a father's tears. (*Count is led away.*) Come nearer, ye banditti. (*They form a semicircle round Charles and Francis, and lean upon their muskets.*) Now—not another word. As I hope for mercy, the man who dares to move his tongue till I command it, dies on the spot.—Silence.

Fra. (*Transported with fury, rushes towards Herman.*) Villain, villain! Oh that I could spit a flood of poison on thee! (*Bites his chains.*)

Cha. (*With dignified majesty.*) I stand here, appointed by the Eternal Judge, to execute his office upon earth. The sentence I shall pass is such as all creation will approve. The tribunal is formed of villains, and I, the greatest, am its head. Let your daggers speak your sentiments. Let every one compare his actions with those of this wretch, and if, then, there be among you one, who does not feel himself a

saint, let him withdraw and break his dagger. (*All the Robbers throw down their daggers unbroken. Charles turns to Francis.*) Now thou mayst be proud, for to-day thou hast converted sinners into angels.—One dagger still is wanted. (*Draws forth his own.*) His mother was also mine. (*To Kosinski and Schweitzer.*) Be you his judges. (*Breaks his dagger, and walks aside in great emotion.*)

Schw. (*After a pause.*) I feel a very school-boy, and rack my mind in vain. Numerous as are the enjoyments of life, the torments of death seem to be few. (*Stamping with violence.*) Kosinski, speak. I can devise no torture, which I think sufficient.

Kos. Shame on you, grey-beard! Cast a glance at the tower—let that inspire you. I am but a scholar.—Don't make me feel ashamed of my tutor.

Schw. I am grown grey amidst scenes of horror, but, at present, I feel a beggar in ideas. I thank you, comrade. Was not this tower the place in which he exercised his cruelties? Do we not stand as judges before this tower? Down with him! There let him die and rot.

Rob. (*With shouts of joy.*) Right! Right! Down with him into the dungeon!

Fra. (*Rushes into his brother's arms.*) Save me from the claws of these assassins. Save me, brother.

Cha. (*With stern solemnity.*) Thou didst make me their leader. (*Francis starts back alarmed.*) Canst thou still ask me to save thee?

Rob. (*With increasing eagerness.*) Down with him! To the dungeon with him!

Cha. (*Approaches him with a dignified mein, and a look of sorrow.*) Son of my father, thou hast robbed me of celestial happiness. Be that crime pardoned. The tortures of hell await thee as a son—as a brother I forgive thee. (*Embraces him, and hastens away. The Robbers, with frantic shouts of delight, plunge Francis into the dungeon. Charles returns.*)

It is accomplished. Accept my thanks, Almighty Ruler of the world. The dreadful deed is done (*A pause ensues, during which he appears to be meditating some great design.*) Should Providence have decreed, after so far leading me upon the path of blood, that this tower shall be the goal of my career, I bend to his decree and willingly obey.—I rely upon the mercy of my God, and rejoice that my work is at an end. How gloriously the hero dies, whom victory has crowned. This was the greatest action of my life—'tis right that it should be the last. Amidst the gloom of night I will expire. Conduct my father hither. [*Exeunt Robbers.*]

Re-enter Count and Robbers.

Cou. Whither will you lead me? Where is my son?

Cha. (*Meets him with dignified composure.*) Each planet and each grain of sand has its appointed place in the creation—your son, too, has his. Compose yourself, and be seated.

Cou. (*Bursts into tears.*) No longer a son—no longer a son in the world.

Cha. Compose yourself, and be seated.

Cou. Oh ye compassionate barbarians! You drag a dying father from his dungeon, that you may tell him he is childless. Let your compassion do still more! Replace me where I was, I beseech you.

Cha. (*Grasps his hand with fervour, and raises it towards heaven.*) Blaspheme not, old man. Accuse not that Being, whom I to-day have worshipped with sincerity. Men, more wicked far than you, have this day been allowed to approach the throne of God.

Cou. Murderers approach the throne of God!

Cha. (*Incensed.*) Not another word, I do command thee. (*In a milder tone.*) If even sinners feel the influence of heavenly kindness, shall saints despair of feeling it? Where could you find words to atone for such a sin, were God this day to baptize for you a son.

Cou. (*With asperity*) Are sons to-day baptized with blood?

Cha. Yes. Providence can baptize with blood, and does so to-day. The ways of heaven are dreadful and mysterious—but tears of joy await us, when we have reached the point of destination.

Cou. Where shall I shed them?

Cha. (*Rushes into his arms.*) On the breast of Charles.

Cou. (*With a shout of transport*) My Charles alive?

Cha. He is alive—and has been sent hither to release and to avenge you. This (*Pointing to the tower*) was the reward bestowed upon you by the favoured son—this (*Pressing him to his heart*) is the vengeance of the son whom you abandoned.

Rob. There are people in the forest. We hear voices.

Cha. Call the rest. (*Exeunt Robbers.*) I must be resolute, and dash the cup of joy from my lips ere it be converted into poison.

Cou. Are these men your friends? I almost fear their looks.

Cha. I will answer any question but this, my father. Do not ask this.

Enter AMELIA, with dishevelled hair, followed by the Robbers.

Ame. They say his voice has raised the dead—they say my uncle is alive.—Charles! Uncle! Where shall I find them?

Cha. (*Shuddering.*) What demon brings that image to my view?

Cou. (*Raises himself.*) Amelia! my niece!

Ame. (*Rushes into his arms.*) Do I again behold you, dearest uncle—and my Charles too?

Cou. Yes. Charles is alive—You—I—all.

Cha. (*In a phrenzy to the band.*) Away, comrades. The archfiend has betrayed me.

Ame. (*Releases herself from the Count's embrace, and clasps Charles in her arms.*) I have him again! Angels of bliss! I have him again.

Cha. Tear her from my neck. Murder her—murder him—me—every one. Let all the world perish.

Ame. Dearest Charles!—The transport overpowers him. Why am I thus cool? Am I not as happy as himself?

Cou. Come, children. Your hand, Charles—and your's Amelia. Oh, I little thought that so much bliss awaited me. I will unite you for ever.

Ame. Oh ecstasy indescribable! Mine, mine for ever! Ye powers of heaven, release me from this load of bliss, lest I should sink beneath the weight of it.

Cha. (*Who has torn himself from her arms.*) Away! away!—Most unfortunate of brides! Look at these men—ask them—listen to them—Most unfortunate of fathers! Let me fly far away, and hide myself for ever.

Ame. Fly! Whither? Why? A life of ecstasy awaits you—and you wish to fly?

Cou. Can my son wish to fly—my son—Amelia's husband?

Cha. Too late!—In vain!—Curse me, my father.—Ask me no more questions.—Die, Amelia—die my father—rescued by me, to be by me destroyed. These thy deliverers are robbers and assassins. Thy son is—their CAPTAIN.

Cou. God of heaven! My children! (*Falls, and instantly expires.* Amelia stands rooted to the spot, and all the Robbers preserve a dreadful silence.)

Cha. The souls of those whom I murdered amidst the enjoyments of love—of those whom I strangled in their sleep—of those—Ha! ha! ha! Do you hear the powder-magazine?—Do you observe that roof falling upon the helpless woman, who is in childbed? Do you see those flames creeping round the cradle of the infant? That is the hymn—

neal torch. Hear you those shrieks? That is the bridal music. Oh, he does not forget—he claims his due—therefore away from me, all joys of love—This is retaliation.

Ame. (Awaking from her reverie.) What have I done, father of all, what have I done?

Cha. This is more than man can bear. I who have seen death in its every shape, and never was appalled—shall I now be taught to tremble by a woman?—No. It shall not be. I will drink blood, and bid defiance to the tyrant Fate. *(Going.)*

Ame. (Throws herself into his arms.) Murderer! Demon! I cannot lose thee, angel.

Cha. (Stops with an astonished air.) Am I awake?—Am I mad?—Has hell devised some new method of tormenting me? She hangs upon the neck of an assassin.

Ame. For ever.

Cha. She still loves me—loves me with all my crimes. Then am I pure as is the light of day. A child of light weeps upon the neck of a pardoned demon. The Furies can no longer lash me with their serpents—the power of hell is annihilated—I am happy. *(Hides his face in her bosom.)*

Gri. (Approaches with a furious look.) Hold, traitor. Instantly quit her embrace, or I will speak a word that shall convulse thy frame.

Schw. (Places his sword between Charles and Amelia.) Remember the forest of Bohemia. Traitor! Where are now your vows? Have you forgotten that in your defence we risked our lives—our honour—everything? Did any one of us escape without wounds? Did we not stand like rocks? And did not you raise your arm, and swear never to forsake us, as we had not forsaken you? Traitor! Can a woman make you false to your oath?

Rob. (*Tear open their clothes.*) Look here—and here—and here. Do you know these scars? We bought you with our heart's blood. Our's you are, and shall remain, though angels try to tear you from us. Come with us. A victim for a victim! A woman for the band!

Cha. Be it so. I wished to return to virtue, but He, who reigns in heaven, forbids it. Roll not your eyes thus wildly, dear Amelia. God has millions of beings created by himself, and wants not me. He can easily spare one—that one am I. (*Turns to the band.*)

Ame. (*Holds him back.*) Stay, I beseech you. A single blow—strike but a single blow. Draw you sword, and be compassionate.

Cha. Compassion dwells among the beasts of the forest. I will not murder thee.

Ame. (*Embracing his knees.*) Oh, for heaven's sake—for mercy's sake—I ask you not for affection—but for death. See, my hand trembles. I have not courage to guide the fatal weapon. For you it is easy—for you are accustomed to it. Plunge your sword into my heart—and I shall be happy.

Cha. (*With great sternness.*) And why must you alone be happy?—Begone: Moor cannot slay a woman.

Ame. Inhuman wretch! You pass by those who are weary of existence, and murder none but the happy. (*To the Robbers, in a tone of supplication.*) Have compassion on me, men of blood. There is a ferocious scowl upon your foreheads, which to the wretched is consoling. Fire at me. Your leader is a boaster and a coward, (*Some of the Robbers take aim at her.*)

Cha. (*Enraged.*) Away, ye demons! (*Walks forward with a majestic mien.*) Who dares to break into my sanctuary? She is mine. (*Draws her to him, and puts his arm round her waist.*) Now let heaven and hell attempt to part us. Love scorns the power of oaths. (*Raises her into*

the air, and with dauntless look holds her before the band.)

Who will dare to separate what nature has united?

Rob. (Again taking aim.) We will.

Cha. (With a smile of contempt.) Impotent reptiles!
(Places Amelia upon a stone—she is almost bereft of every faculty.) Look up, my bride. No priestly blessing will unite us, but I know something better. *(Removes the handkerchief from Amelia's neck, and exposes her bosom to the Robbers.)* Look at these heavenly charms. *(With mournful tenderness.)* Do they not even melt the hearts of murderers? *(After a pause, in a milder tone.)* Look at me, murderers.—I am young.—I love and am beloved—I adore and am adored. I have reached the gate of Paradise. *(With great emotion.)* Will my comrades drive me back? *(Robbers laugh. Charles summons his resolution, and looks at them with dignity and sternness.)* Enough!—Thus far nature has prevailed—now let the man appear. I am an assassin, and *(Walking toward them with indescribable majesty)* your CAPTAIN. Traitors, dare you raise your arms against your captain? *(In a commanding tone.)* Ground your muskets! 'Tis your leader, who addresses you. *(The Robbers are alarmed, and throw their arms down.)* Right! Now you are mere children—I am free. Moor must be free in order to be great. I would not exchange the triumphant sensations which I now enjoy, for an elysium of love. *(Draws his sword.)* Call not that phrenzy, which you are incapable of calling great. Despair outstrips the tardy course of calm philosophy. A deed like this will not allow deliberation to precede it. I will reflect when it is done. *(Plunges the sword into Amelia's breast.)*

Rob. (Clap their hands.) Bravo! Bravo! Thy honour is redeemed thou king of robbers.

Cha. (Leans over Amelia.) Now she is mine—mine for ever—or eternity is a mere blockhead's whim. With my sword have I obtained my bride, in spite of all the dragons

with which FATE, my deadly foe, had guarded her. Many, many a time shall this our earth revolve around the sun, ere he shall behold another deed like this.—Sweet must it be, Amelia, thus to receive your death from your beloved.

Ame. (Weltering in blood.) Most sweet. *(Stretches forth her hands and dies.)*

Cha. Now, miserable reptiles—are you satisfied? Had you hearts hard enough to claim a sacrifice so great? Your sacrifice to me was a life of infamy—the victim I have offered up to you was an angel. *(Throws his sword into the midst of them with disdain.)* Banditti—we are even. Over this corpse I claim my liberty—and grant you your's.

Rob. (Crowd round him.) We will never forsake you—we will be obedient till death.

Cha. No, no, no. My mission is accomplished. My genius whispers to me that I may not proceed. I have reached the goal of my career. Take back this blood-stained plume. *(Throws it down.)* Let him who chuses to be your captain, take it up.

Rob. Coward! Where are now your mighty projects? Were they mere bubbles, which a woman's dying groan could burst?

Cha. (With dignity.) Dare not to scrutinize what Moor has done. This is my last command. Now, form a circle round me, and listen to your dying captain's testament. *(Fixes his eyes upon the band.)* You have been faithful to me—faithful beyond example. Had virtue bound you as firmly to each other as guilt, you had been heroes, and your names had never been uttered but with veneration. Go, and devote your talents to the service of a monarch, who is contending for the rights of man. With this blessing I disband you.—Schweitzer and Kosinski, stay. *(The Robbers walk away slowly and much affected.)*

Manent CHARLES, SCHWEITZER, and KOSINSKI.

Your hand, Kosinski—and your's Schweitzer. (*To Kosinski.*) Young man, you are still uncontaminated. Among the guilty you alone are guiltless. (*To Schweitzer.*) Deeply have I bathed this hand in blood. 'Twas I who did it, and with this cordial grasp I claim my own. Schweitzer you are free from guilt. (*Raises their hands with fervour.*) Father of the world, I restore them to thee. They will serve thee more faithfully than those who never fell. (*Kosinski and Schweitzer embrace each other with warmth.*) Not now—not now, my friends. Spare me at this decisive hour. To-day I am become possessed of an immense domain. Divide it between you—become good citizens, and, if for *ten* whose comfort I have blasted, you confer happiness on *one*, my soul may still be saved. Go.—No farewell—in another world we may meet again. Go, go—ere my resolution fail me. (*Both conceal their faces and exeunt.*) I too am a good citizen. Have I not fulfilled a law the most horrible? Have I not faithfully executed the vengeance it enjoined? I remember that when I first came hither, I observed a poor disbanded officer, who was working in the field, that he might support a numerous family. A large reward is offered to the man who shall deliver the terrific robber Moor into the hands of justice. This officer shall have it.

[*Exit.*

THE END.